

THE

Elks

MAGAZINE



DECEMBER 1950

A Christmas Story by William Fay

• EASTERN EDITION



Give the Compliment no other Gift can pay!

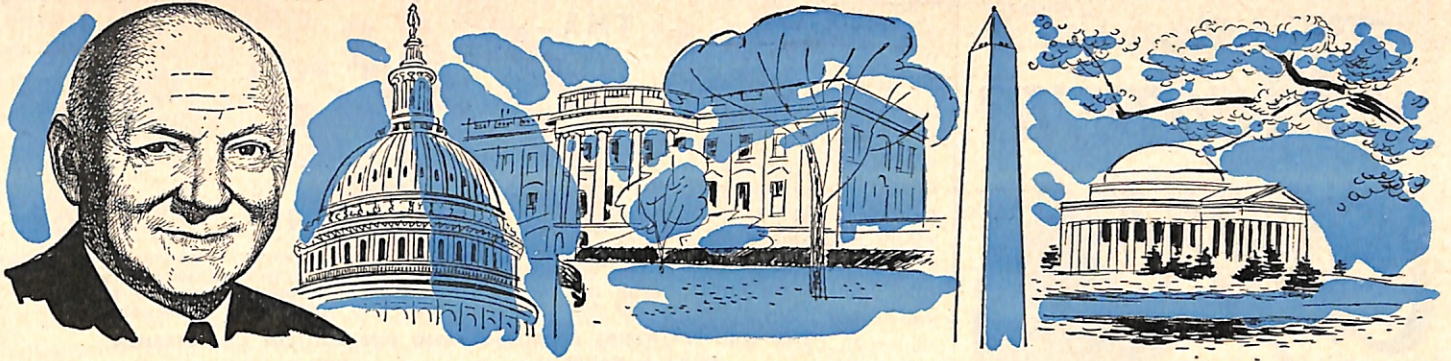
ONLY ONE gift ... Lord Calvert ... extends the compliment of saying "For a Man of Distinction." Why not pay this compliment to every man on your gift list? Give Lord Calvert, a truly distinguished whiskey that will please the most exacting taste. Ask for it in its rich, velour-finish carton ... the season's most beautiful whiskey gift package.

LORD CALVERT

The Gift of Distinction....

For Men of Distinction

BLENDED WHISKEY. 86.8 PROOF. 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. CALVERT DISTILLERS CORP., N.Y.C.



TOM WRIGLEY WRITES FROM WASHINGTON

YOU wouldn't know the walkie-talkie radio of World War II if you could see what American soldiers are using today. It is an FM job, with a range of five miles, and is only half the bulk and weight of the old model. It weighs about 20 pounds, is 16 inches high, nine inches wide and three inches deep. Best new feature is the way the set can be tuned in so that it will hook up with armor, artillery and supporting troops in a co-ordinated team. At last the foot soldier can tell the tanks what's cooking.

MARSHALL PLAN SPENDING

Marshall Plan spending for Europe now has approached or exceeded the \$10,000,000,000 mark. Most people might think the bulk of the purchases are for food and clothing. Instead, the greatest percentage of late has been for petroleum, most of it crude oil. Machinery and equipment come second, non-ferrous metals and products third and, of all things, tobacco a close fourth. The United Kingdom still gets the largest slice, with France second and Italy third.

FIRINGS AND RETIRINGS

Some time back they put radios in Washington street cars and buses and the sets blare out music interspersed with news. There was a terrific protest when

the new idea was introduced but it has its advantages. They say that one government official on his way to his office listened to the radio in the bus and learned that he had been fired. He transferred and went back home. Another high official in the National Labor Relations Board, who was forced to retire and who did it gracefully, could not be located by reporters for a story. Next day, when he was available, he told them that he had dodged them by taking his wife to the National Press Club for dinner, the newspaperman's hangout, where not a reporter approached him the whole evening.

OFFICER—CALL A COP

In case of attack Washington likely would be target number one because it is the seat of government. Civilian Defense plans are elaborate and at times a bit startling. The nation's capital will have 4,000 auxiliary police ready for an emergency. Budget experts gulped, however, when they looked at the extra police items. They included 4,000 revolvers at \$40 each. In World War II the auxiliary police were not permitted to carry arms—just badges. Under the present setup, the new police also will have uniforms costing \$115.70 each. Cheapest item on the equipment is the whistle—only 20 cents. The night stick, or persuader, euphemistically called the "baton", costs \$2.00.

EGGLESS EGG SHAMPOOS

Cosmetics are a fertile field for violations of food and drug administration regulations and some of the evasions are downright funny. Any number of "egg shampoo" products have been banned because they don't contain enough egg. One recent case was proved to contain only 6/100th of an egg per jar. That's making an egg go a long way. Hair tonics have to be watched, too. If they say "with olive oil" they must have more than a couple of drops per bottle. One "olive oil" pomade was mostly petroleum

jelly and perfume with only one half of one per cent olive oil. A "rose" hair tonic "with olive oil" was mineral oil, perfume, red coloring matter and 2.5 per cent olive oil. The government says that's not enough olive oil.

EMERGENCY GOVERNMENT JOBS

The Civil Service Commission has created a third new major type of job appointment as a result of the entry of regular government workers into the armed services. These employees have fewer rights than any other group of government workers. They actually are third-class citizens in the federal job line-up. They have no chance of promotion and can be discharged any time the person they replace comes back on the job. They are known as "emergency-indefinite" workers. If the people they replace fail to return, they can have the jobs on a permanent status. Keep this in mind if you are figuring to take a government job.

KEEPING AMERICA STRONG

Your government is trying to build a strong young America, federal funds totaling \$83,500,000 having been provided for the 1950-51 school year. Here's how it works: The states and territories get \$64,625,000 on a formula which takes into account the number of children of school age and the per capita income of the state. In addition, \$17,250,000 will go for the state distribution of foods needed to meet specific nutritional requirements of the children. Each dollar of federal funds must be matched by \$1.50 from sources within the states. The Department of Agriculture cooperates with State Departments of Education in administering the program. Last year more than 1.2 billion meals were served to nearly 8,000,000 youngsters attending over 50,000 participating schools. Largest slice went to Texas, with Pennsylvania second and New York third. Puerto Rico, by the way, received more than most of the states.

REMISSION OF DUES

In response to inquiries being received at our office, we are again urging our lodges to give consideration to the remission of dues of our Brothers now serving with the Armed Forces—similar to the policy adopted by the subordinate lodges during World War II.

Elks National Service Commission

A Welcome Gift!



Prince Albert

AMERICA'S LARGEST-SELLING
SMOKING TOBACCO

SAY Merry Christmas to every pipe smoker on your Xmas shopping list — or to any man who likes to roll his own cigarettes — with a big, full, one-pound tin of Prince Albert!

Choice, crimp cut, mild, flavorful tobacco — all ready for Christmas in a colorful, gift-packed Yuletide package ... with a built-in gift card right on top!

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N.C.

The National Joy Smoke

THE

Elks

VOL. 29

MAGAZINE

NO. 7

NATIONAL PUBLICATION OF THE BENEVOLENT AND PROTECTIVE ORDER OF ELKS OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA. PUBLISHED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE GRAND LODGE BY THE NATIONAL MEMORIAL AND PUBLICATION COMMISSION.

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What Our Readers



Have to Say

The article by Dickson Hartwell in your October issue is an interesting account of improved forest land management. I would like you to pass along my congratulations to Mr. Hartwell, whose article is informative and well-written, but somewhat awry of fact in the next-to-ending paragraph. I cannot believe that Author Hartwell is acquainted with the Tree Farm Program of the American Forest Products Industries now under way in 29 states, with a total of well over 21 million acres being used, since he does not mention the work of this organization.

Leo V. Bodine

Saint Paul, Minn.

After reading Stanley Woodward's article, "Football Roundup", in the October issue, I, a loyal Wisconsin Alumnus, was very hurt to note that Wisconsin was not included. Perhaps Mr. Woodward is not familiar with the teams that make up the Big Ten, as I'm sure otherwise he would not intentionally ignore such a great school as Wisconsin.

Leslie J. Smith

De Pere, Wis.

The Super-Market Cover of *The Elks Magazine* for November is most outstanding. Let's have more covers of this same type.

Laurence C. Monson, Jr.

Butte, Mont.

I enjoy Ed Faust's "In the Doghouse" column so much that I feel he is to be complimented for the work he is doing. Unlike Mr. Faust, many dog writers tend to be self-styled veterinarians and, needless to say, much of the things they publish are either erroneous or misleading to dog owners. I recall one in particular in which morphine was recommended as a sedative for a cat. The writer was not

aware that morphine has diametrically the opposite effect on a member of the feline tribe and I have often wondered if the cat owner ever was successful in retrieving his cat from the house-top or the tall tree it probably took to after its dose of narcotic.

Mr. Faust's articles are not only well-written but also are very helpful to pet owners. I am pleased to find one writer who, without professional training, does not try to diagnose or prescribe sight-unseen and by long distance. More articles of the tone of his would do much to discourage the barbarous attempts at home diagnosis and treatment.

R. B. Koger, DVB

Joplin, Mo.

Was surprised to note your statement on page 38 of the September issue regarding Billy Direct. I had the pleasure of seeing him race several times and never saw him race without hobbles. He will pace without them but in any competition he always has them on. Also you already said he went "free-legged".

Harry R. Gould

Hudson, N. Y.

Mr. Gould refers to the correction in the September issue of our statement in August that Billy Direct was hobbled in a picture we showed of him in which he actually was wearing knee boots and suspenders. Several of our readers who saw Billy Direct pace wrote and stated that he was a free-legged pacer, so we ran a correction in the interest of accuracy. Judging from Mr. Gould's letter, the matter is still open.

The article, "Why We Have Communists" by Bruno Shaw, came to my attention. I want to compliment you and the writer on what I consider a masterful treatment of the subject. It answers this confounding question so thoroughly, clearly and logically that one wants to share with others the enlightenment and satisfaction it brings. I should like to send copies of the article to people I know who would benefit by reading it.

Benjamin B. Survol

Beverly Hills, Calif.

LOOKING FORWARD TO JANUARY

LEADERS OF ELKDOM—With next month's issue, we begin a series of articles about the men who serve the Order as Grand Lodge Officers and Committeemen. The series will run for three or four months and will include pictures of an informal nature, as well as an account of the work and accomplishment of the men who devote their time and effort to the great work of Elkdom.

BUSINESS IN 1951—Dr. Marcus Nadler, professor of finance at New York University and nationally known economist, again will forecast business and economic trends for the coming year.

"This is the first time I ever liked listening to Crosby!"

says HOPE



HOPE:

For years, I've always stuck cotton in my ears whenever the Old Groaner opened his mouth. But now he's got something that sounds good. Really good. Let's hear it, kid.

CROSBY:

Thank you, Mr. Hope. You are kind, very kind. Ladies and gentlemen, this isn't a song. It's just a suggestion. This year, let's all give U. S. Savings Bonds for Christmas presents. They make wonderful gifts. Tell 'em about those bonds, Chisel Nose.

HOPE:

Gladly. It's all very simple—even Crosby understands how they work. In just ten years, they pay \$4 for every \$3 they cost. And they're appropriate for *everybody* on your Christmas list— young people, middle-aged people, and people as old as Crosby. Am I right, Bing?

CROSBY:

For once in his life the old Scene-Stealer is right. But seriously, folks, nothing makes a more welcome, more sensible present than U. S. Savings Bonds. And you can buy 'em in any bank or post office. So—

HOPE:

So why not give the very finest gift in America—U. S. Savings Bonds!

Give the finest gift
of all...
U.S. Savings Bonds



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HEADLINES &

There's a lot more to running a Big League ball club than watching the games from the owner's box.

BY HAROLD ROSENTHAL

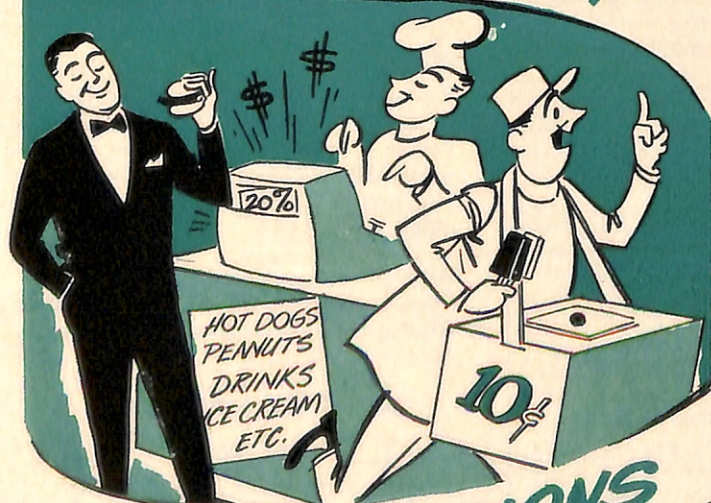
Staff sportswriter, New York Herald Tribune



FARM SYSTEM



TELEVISION



CONCESSIONS

MOST people think they can do the other fellow's job with infinitely more ease and precision than the particular knuckle-head who is drawing down his forty or fifty grand a year for doing same. With the operation of a baseball club it's different. Most people in this instance don't think—they *know*!

If you scratch a baseball fan, either the I-was-there variety or the one who sits and curses in comfort the hopeless inadequacy of the fellow directing the television camera crews, you'll invariably find a frustrated manager. Scratch a little deeper and you will find a fellow who, when pressed, will admit that he'd be perfectly capable of operating a ball club equally as well as its current owners. That goes for the club in his home town all the way up to, and including, the world-championship New York Yankees.

"There's nothing to running a ball club," he will expound, repeating a phrase upon which a good many personal fortunes have foundered, "the thing runs itself." And, he might have added, "in a good many cases, right into the ground!"

The baseball business—and anyone who describes it as other than a business is either a charlatan or a fool—is probably one of the most unusual in a country outstanding for unique businesses and weird ways of making a living. It is a mixture, oftentimes an unhappy one, of star-gazing, book-juggling, super-salesmanship, sales-resistance, faked sentiment and often downright chicanery.

There is absolutely no room for sentiment in baseball. Feel sorry for an aging infielder when your talent appraisers tell you he can't move to his right any more and you're liable to set up a chain reaction which will culminate in a parade to the poor-house, with yourself right up in front.

Elks Magazine was fortunate in obtaining a set of basic figures for a typical major league baseball club's 1950 operations. The source must remain secret because the writer swore on a stack of old Baseball Guides that he would keep it that way. The figures reveal a perilously thin margin of operation. They should also send you straight to your local savings bank with that five-million-dollar legacy left you by your desert-rat uncle.

In these days of ever-increasing pressure on the enter-

HEADACHES

tainment dollar, baseball has suffered at the turnstiles, along with practically all other amusements. Major league attendance figures are 20 per cent lower than they were in 1948. The minor leagues have suffered even worse, despite the fact that baseball operated with a near-record total of 58 leagues in 1950.

All costs are at a record high, from players' salaries down to that sheet of crackly stationery on which you write the hold-out a crackly note telling him where to go—and to take his salary demands with him. With only four dollars in attendance revenue where there were five flourishing only two years ago, it doesn't take a genius to understand that this is no game for big-eyed babies.

All 16 major league clubs will start the 1951 season wearing a nice, fat, and very dead, albatross as a neck-piece. The albatross, of course, is the minor-league operation of that particular club, a procedure which produces headaches, deficits and big-league player possibilities.

THE last-named is the reason for the existence of this albatross, brought into being a couple of decades ago by Branch Rickey as a means of enabling the St. Louis Cardinals, a dreadfully impoverished club back in the 20's and 30's, to compete with the richer clubs in obtaining players. "If we can't buy them," figured Rickey, "we'll grow our own."

He was eminently right. Trouble was that after a while everyone else got into this truck-farming act (from time to time it has produced some choice cucumbers) and now major league baseball is in the unenviable spot of being unable to shake off a set-up which has headquarters in such way-stations as Pueblo, Peoria and Pulaski.

"The farm system has ruined baseball," moan the doom-criers, many of whom have some rather fancy hand-embroidered towels into which to cry. "Everything goes out and nothing comes in. We have real estate commitments in small towns and cities that will break us eventually, even though our major league clubs make big money for the next ten years."

This particular bit of doom-crying, of course, goes on the assumption that the revenue and the expenses of the major league clubs have remained static. Actually, they haven't, so there is room for (a) hope and (b) additional gloom.

The big change in the financial picture of baseball stems from television. Glance at the ledger (appearing on page 44). Note the quarter of a million dollars for the sale of radio and television rights. In some cities it brings an even bigger price; in others you can lop off a hundred thousand. The fact is, however, that there now is available a quarter of a million dollars of important revenue that simply wasn't there ten (Continued on page 41)



A Guy and a Doll

**A GI, Santa Claus and a \$37.95 doll meet
on Christmas Eve in Grand Central Station.**

BY WILLIAM FAY

ILLUSTRATED BY

DINK SIEGEL

DENNIS NICHOLS, a brand-new soldier, walked east on 42nd Street, warmly if not elegantly tailored in the government's finest olive drab. He approached Grand Central Station on this December 24th in a holiday swarm of bundle-happy shoppers and late-departing office workers, many with 90-proof smiles. *To home, to home* seemed the theme of the marching people as they moved toward the subways and the terminal. A Salvation Army band played bravely in the cold. Lights were everywhere in endless strings of red and green and gold. The holly and the wreaths hung high in mid-Manhattan, but brought small joy to Dennis.

He walked on, not very rapidly, because he carried both his small overnight bag and the largest straw-haired, blue-eyed doll ever purchased for \$37.95. The doll was not heavy, but her dimensions were appalling. People found this amusing and called to him, "Hey, soldier—who's the dame?" Or else they contrived some other bright remark: "Hey, mister, you'd better put 'er down; she's big enough to walk."

He was not amused. He continued to struggle along, and his own idea of an hilarious experience would be to wrap this long-legged queen, with her sawdust innards and starry eyes, just once around the carefree neck of a soldier named Michael Sweeney. Ah, Sweeney, he thought, you faithless hound, to treat a pal this way.

At a checking-room in the terminal he was able to get rid of his bag and the outlandish, life-sized doll, taking one last sad look at the price tag dangling from the sawdust lady's wrist: \$37.95. He put the baggage check in his pocket and once again counted his own shrunken funds. He had \$7.85 and no knowledge of how to find Sweeney, his vanished brother-in-arms.

Dennis, who had never been in New

York before, had been content that afternoon in a hotel room, assessing the evening's possibilities. Perhaps the hotel was not one of the town's more elegant spots, but it was a pleasant refuge from the rigors of basic training at Camp Dix, where with Sweeney and several thousand others he was flexing the national muscle. He had at least possessed the price of some of that Manhattan gayety he had heard so much about—until Sweeney had phoned, Sweeney, that super-salesman and native of Brooklyn, New York.

"Denny, boy? . . . This is your devoted cellmate, Sweeney . . . Look, about Christmas, pal—we are fitting you for sleigh bells . . . You've got to spend it with us, you hear? My family will hear of nothing else . . . You are not only invited, boy; you are drafted!"

Dennis had protested that it mightn't be fair to break in on a strictly family party, but the invitation had been so warm and sincere he found himself unable to refuse.

"We won't take 'No' for an answer," Sweeney had told him. "Right now I'm fixin' Herby's—that's my little brother—well, I'm riggin' his electric trains and helpin' to put up the tree. But I've got to come into Manhattan, anyhow—you hear me? . . . That's right, I've got to come in, and I can meet you at six o'clock. You check out of that flea-bag hotel and meet me on that corner, right near where we had the beer last night? On forty-whatsis street?"

"I know the place," he had said.

"And Denny?"

"Yeah?"

"You got thirty-seven dollars and ninety-five cents, Denny?"

"Well—well, maybe. What about it?"

"This isn't a touch, pal," Sweeney had assured him. "All I want you to do for me is pick up a package at a place on 45th Street. Here's the address; you listenin'?" Dennis said yes and, further-

more, he listened. "It's a toy shop that closes at five and I just want you to pick up a doll I ordered for my kid sister. Naturally, I'll pay you the minute I see you—okay?"

"Well, sure; I guess so, Mike. Why not?"

He had not known this doll would prove a good deal blonder but hardly one inch shorter than Hedy Lamar. At six o'clock there was no Sweeney on the designated corner. No Sweeney at six-thirty, either, nor at seven. He began to worry and wonder was this an example of perverted Sweeney mirth, for Sweeney from time to time at Camp Dix had displayed some whimsical sides to his nature. The thought that this might be a gag made Dennis sweat freely within his woolen wrappings, and standing on a busy New York corner with this sagging, stiff-legged beauty, while hordes of people walked by him full of gay humor and stale jokes, was not, in his estimation, any cornucopia of glee. And the thought that he might have been taken for a \$37.95 sleighride brewed in him thoughts of homicide by no means compatible with the pure Christmas spirit.

Aimlessly now he crossed 42nd Street, indifferent to traffic and the safety of his hide. The city rose tall and was ghostly agleam all around him. He felt far removed from his own home town. He hadn't the least idea where Sweeney lived, except that it was in Brooklyn, which he understood to be a tremendously large and complicated place. There were exactly 67 Sweeneys in the Brooklyn phone book, most of whom he had already called in a foolish waste of nickels. "Merry Christmas!" many had said, but none was the Sweeney he wanted. He gave up on this and, like a homeless cat, journeyed west again, back to the corner near Times Square where Sweeney had failed to appear.

It grew colder as time went on and his stubborn waiting rewarded him not at all. The wind came up Broadway and whipped the square and rode the night

(Continued on page 26)

**The old boy wailed and held
on tight to the doll. People
paused to watch the struggle.**



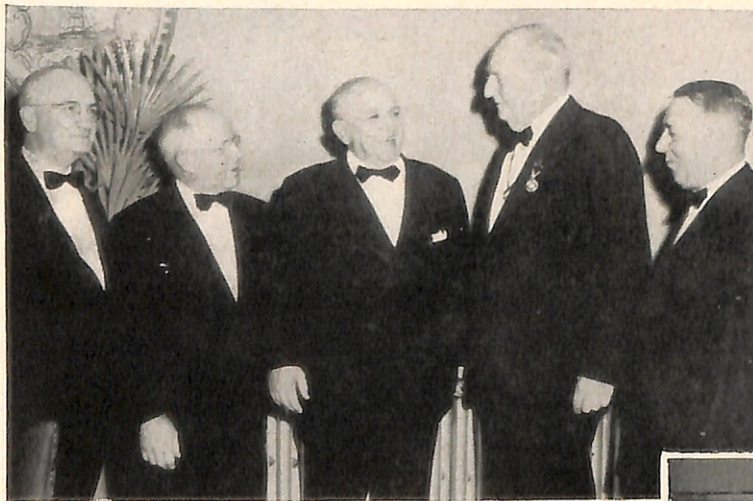
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12:30 AM.
BOSTON
THE OWL

The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits



Leading figures in a newsworthy event which took place during Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph B. Kyle's visit to Belleville, Ill., Lodge are, left to right: Past Grand Exalted Ruler Bruce A. Campbell; his grandson, Bruce A. Campbell II, initiated into the Order that evening; Joseph Campbell, the son of the Past Grand Exalted Ruler and a member of the Order; Mr. Kyle; new Elk Philip G. Feder; his father, Past State Pres. Dr. Nick H. Feder, former Chairman of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee, and E.R. Howard C. Tritt.



In pleasant conversation at the dinner given in honor of Mr. Kyle by the Connecticut Elks Association, left to right: State Pres. H. J. Bergman, Arthur J. Roy of the Grand Lodge Ritualistic Committee, the Order's leader, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Raymond Benjamin and Grand Est. Lecturing Knight James T. Welch.

Officers representing two Championship Ritualistic Teams are congratulated by the Grand Exalted Ruler during his visit to Greeley, Colo., Lodge. In the background are E.R. Earl G. Smith and officers of Greeley Lodge, the State Champions. In the foreground, Mr. Kyle presents the "Emmett T. Anderson Trophy" to D. J. Holmes, Exalted Ruler of the team when it won the National Contest in Miami.



GRAND EXALTED RULER Joseph B. Kyle visited **NORWICH, N. Y., LODGE, NO. 1222**, on Sept. 18th and enjoyed a pleasant dinner meeting with a large group, among them D.D. Robert C. Wallace, P.D.D. Matthew T. Lee, E.R. Walter G. Dickemann and his officers.

On Sept. 20th, Mr. Kyle, accompanied by State Pres. Roy D. Martin, called at **BATAVIA, N. Y., LODGE, NO. 950**, and was favorably impressed with the progress being made on the \$100,000 improvement program on the lodge home, proudly exhibited by P.D.D. Albert Kleps, Jr., E.R. Vincent Callahan and other officers.

The 26th of the month found Mr. Kyle the guest of **GREELEY, COLO., LODGE, NO. 809**. Highlights were the initiation of the 20-man Joseph B. Kyle Class, and the awarding of a 50-year membership pin to State Assn. Treas. William R. Patterson. During his stay, Mr. Kyle, the first Grand Exalted Ruler to visit this lodge in 24 years, delivered a radio address, and visited the home of 86-year-old A. C. Woodward to award him a 50-year membership pin. E.R. Earl G. Smith presided at a dinner honoring Mr. and Mrs. Kyle, attended by 120 Elks, prior to the meeting at which Mr. Kyle, Cyril A. Kremser of the Activities Committee of the Grand Lodge, State Pres. L. E. Kitts, D.D.'s Clement R. Hackethal and Charles F. Johnson, and the Exalted Rulers of all Colo. No. District lodges spoke.

ON THE East Coast again in October, Mr. and Mrs. Kyle visited various lodges in Vermont, and on the 10th were escorted from **ST. JOHNSBURY** to **LACONIA, N. H., LODGE, NO. 876**, by a group including E.R. Donald W. MacIsaac and State Vice-Pres. Maurice A. Jacques for luncheon. Other guests were Past Grand Exalted Rulers John F. Malley and E. Mark



• **LOVELAND, COLO.**



• **PENNSYLVANIA ELKS ASSN.**



• **BATAVIA, N. Y.**



• **BEMIDJI, MINN.**



• **NORWICH, N. Y.**



• **PORTLAND, ME.**

Sullivan, Edward A. Spry of the Grand Lodge Youth Activities Committee, and James A. Bresnahan, former Chairman of the Grand Lodge State Assns. Committee, all of Massachusetts, and Gov. Sherman Adams of New Hampshire. That evening a class of 15 was initiated in honor of Mr. Kyle at a meeting attended by 600, following a banquet at which the Grand Exalted Ruler was an inspired speaker. Special recognition was given Laconia Lodge's Charter Members, its 44-year Treasurer, Charles F. Shastany, and its 41-year Inner Guard Joseph T. Guay; a 50-year pin was awarded to Edward Steady. A pleasant sidelight of this visit occurred when the Grand Exalted Ruler received a special scroll of appreciation from the Boy Scouts of the area.

On the 11th, **PORTLAND, ME., LODGE NO. 188**, was luncheon host to Mr. Kyle, Mr. Malley, Mr. Spry, Mr. Bresnahan and Mass. State Vice-Pres. William R. Burns.

and Maine D.D.'s Joseph J. Cummings and Edward J. McMann.

LEWISTON LODGE NO. 371 entertained the delegation prior to the dinner and evening meeting at the home of **AUGUSTA LODGE NO. 964**.

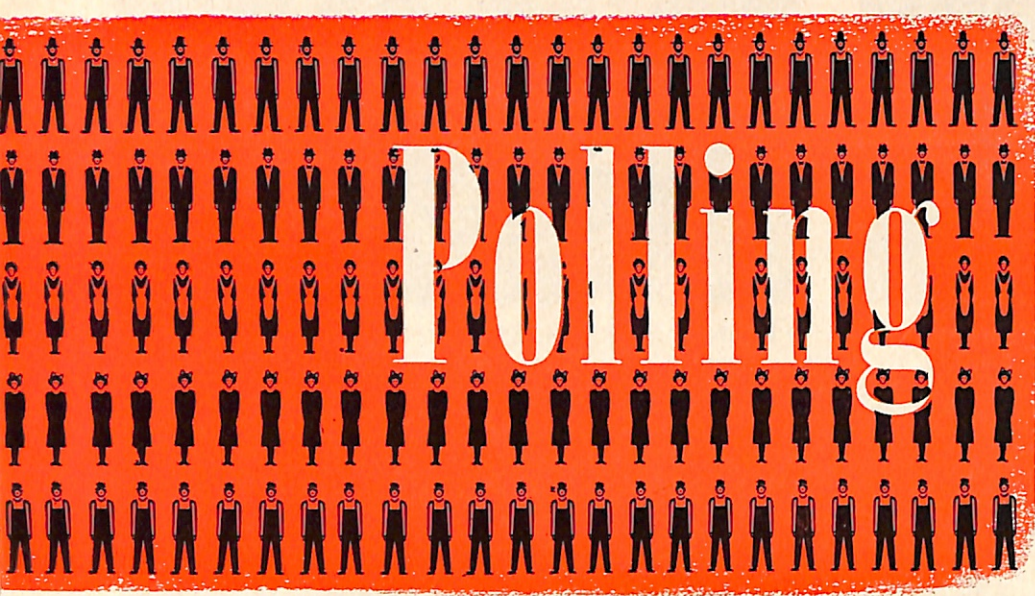
The following day, the Order's leader and his entourage visited briefly with Gov. Frederick G. Payne before proceeding to the Hyde Memorial Home where much of Maine Elksdom's crippled children's work is carried on. A reception followed at the home of **BATH LODGE NO. 934**, and then, with State Senator Joseph Larrabee and Mr. McMann as hosts, the group was treated to a real, old-fashioned, New England clambake. In the afternoon a visit was made to **SANFORD LODGE NO. 1470** where the party was joined by Grand Trustee and Mrs. Thomas J. Brady. In the evening the group returned to Portland lodge for a banquet.

A sightseeing tour of Portland the next

day occupied the out-of-townners and their Maine escorts who included P.D.D. C. Dwight Stevens and State Pres. and Mrs. P. L. B. Ebbett.

Returning to New Hampshire, Mr. Kyle visited **PORTSMOUTH LODGE NO. 97**, the oldest in the State. While there, he called at the Naval Hospital to talk with servicemen wounded in Korea. He was accompanied by P.D.D. Charles T. Durrell, E.R. Robert E. O'Leary of Portsmouth and E.R. Arthur G. McGlone of **DOVER LODGE NO. 184** who brought Mr. Kyle to his lodge home for luncheon. On this occasion the Order's leader presented 50-year pins to T. Jewett Chesley, Frank E. Grimes and Jerry Hurley in the presence of many civic officials.

On the 14th, at New Haven, Grand Exalted Ruler Kyle was the guest of the **CONNECTICUT ELKS ASSN.** at a banquet attended by many outstanding leaders of the Order.



can help your

YOU'VE probably wondered whether polling procedures, more accurately called market research, could help your business. Your interest undoubtedly was most active at times when the prestige of political polls was high; but when resounding flops occur, as happened in 1948, you've probably been more inclined to rely on a peek into an astrology book.

The real job of the market research men is to investigate and report, not to attempt the role of the clairvoyant. Every businessman needs information to build profits and prevent losses. Good market research can furnish it. But the art (it is not completely a science) is not fitted to the use to which some people have tried to put it. By sound research you and I can find out what people do—but never what they will do. We can uncover how many men wear brown suits, or even, by delving slightly deeper, how many wear silk underwear. But we can't come up with the answer to what kind of hats women will be wearing two years from now. Attempts along this line are like trying to use a pair of binoculars as a crystal ball. Properly focused they will show you the fat man down the street in his lounging robe and slippers, but today, not tomorrow. It is true, however, that what has happened in the past does give an indication of the future, a fact which furnishes the reason for the study of history, as well as market research.

There is a common delusion about the uses of market research even among many of the supposed specialists in it. This delusion is that research can provide a substitute for business judgment. No such thing. Research can only furnish

information—but it can be invaluable—upon which to base that judgment.

As an example, a merchant is considering opening a branch store in a neighboring town. An elementary form of market research, a pedestrian count, will reveal an important bit of information, the number of people passing the location under consideration. But the merchant will not make his decision upon this fact alone. He must also take into account tax rates in the town, competition and many other things. Upon all of these will his judgment depend.

AS A MATTER OF FACT, results of market research are everywhere. Virtually every business uses them, although frequently without recognizing them. Are you a retailer? Do you have a display on your counter? Most such point-of-sale material is pre-tested with research techniques. The elaborate market research surveys carried on for multi-million-dollar corporations are expensive affairs, of course. But how can a man with a satisfactory, but not a multi-million-dollar, business use market research for his individual problems? Only rarely is the answer to retain a professional market organization such as our firm. The costs of a conscientious and thorough job too often would amount to more than the possible profit resulting from the research. However, satisfactory, useful market research jobs can be done by businessmen themselves, and at moderate expense.

Too many people think of market research as something mysterious to be carried on only by a few high priests. Nothing is farther from the truth. Market

research techniques are nothing more than ordinary common sense painstakingly applied to securing useful information.

Suppose a furniture dealer is considering putting in a line of electric refrigerators. Before he goes ahead, he would almost certainly like to know how many of his present customers are potential refrigerator buyers. This depends partly on what proportion of them live in individual homes rather than apartment houses, since refrigerators generally are furnished with the apartment. Since furniture is almost invariably delivered, several relatively simple methods are apparent. The dealer might have his truck drivers note whether deliveries are going to individual dwellings or apartment houses. This, however, might produce faulty information unless carried on for a full year. As every furniture dealer knows, there are seasonal variations in types of business. In the early summer, for example, a higher percentage of garden furniture is sold than at other times, but with few exceptions garden furniture is bought by those who live in houses rather than apartments. As a result, a survey based on deliveries made in June would indicate a greater proportion of prospective refrigerator purchasers than actually existed, because fewer deliveries than normal would be to apartment tenants, who do not buy refrigerators.

Naturally, the merchant would not want to wait a full year for reports from his drivers covering that whole period. On his books, however, are some 7,000 names and addresses of people who have bought furniture from him within the last five years. This list offers him the op-

Business

Backed by common sense, market research can help a small business to build profits and prevent losses.

portunity to secure the information he wants with little trouble. The simplest course of action is to send a man around to a certain number of addresses and note whether they are apartment houses or individual dwellings. But right here is where the furniture dealer must apply his common sense a bit further. It is obvious that a sample of even 350 names should be fairly adequate to provide the information. But that sample must be representative. Suppose the dealer merely tells the bookkeeper to make a list of any 350 names on the ledger. The bookkeeper then decides that, naturally, the big customers are the most important and consequently selects the names of the 350 people who bought the most the year before. Obviously such a sample would not be representative of the store's patrons as a whole. An easy alternative, however, would be to go through the ledger and take every twentieth name from the beginning to the end. Such a sample would usually provide a representative cross-section. Sending a man around to note the proportion of apartment houses would be inexpensive.

PERHAPS the dealer would like more information upon which to form his judgment. Perhaps he would like to know how many of his customers might need to buy refrigerators during the next year. The most obvious way, of course, would be to have his man stop at each of the 350 homes and ask whether they intended to purchase. But, strangely, this would not provide the right answer. Some of the persons asked would answer yes or no out of sheer caprice according to their mood of the moment. Some, think-

ing it would give them prestige, would answer yes without the slightest intention of buying. And some would answer no, fearing perhaps that the other answer would bring salesmen to hound them. Yet the information could be obtained and without too much trouble or expense. Taking that same representative list of 350 names, a woman interviewer could get permission to enter most of the homes, and look at the refrigerators. Previously trained for the purpose (not too difficult) she could then note the sizes, makes and years of manufacture of the existing refrigerators. Questions about increase in family size and improvement of job status also would provide valuable information.

Interviewing, of course, is relatively expensive. Still it is within the reach of most businessmen, especially if the information gathered will help provide a nice profit or prevent a heavy loss. The important thing is to make sure that the information is accurate. Misinformation can be far more expensive than the cost of gathering it. As pointed out earlier in this article, information in order to furnish a sound basis for judgment must come from a representative, not a distorted, sample of the people in which you are interested. If your interviewers questioned only blondes, you might reasonably expect somewhat different answers on some subjects than those from brunettes. Certainly this would be true if you were asking about the use of suntan oils. It would also be true on a surprising variety of other subjects. The ideal sample, of course, would include both blondes and brunettes in the proportions in which they exist in your city.



BY ALFRED POLITZ

As told to Ralph Coniston

Alfred Politz is one of the outstanding figures in the field of commercial research. Twice in a row he won the top award for leadership in marketing in an American Marketing Association competition. His firm, Alfred Politz Research, Inc., numbers among its clients firms such as Consolidated Edison, E. I. duPont, General Mills, Bristol-Myers, Time, Inc., and United Fruit.

Every businessman realizes that he is serving an individual clientele. In some cases, of course, this clientele is the general public in his community, but more often it is some special section of that public. It is obvious to everyone that a haberdashery has different patronage than a ladies' ready-to-wear shop. It is almost as clear that a cross-section of the customers of a department store is different from that of a store which specializes in laborers' clothing, even though the two overlap. But there are other cases where distinctions become harder to make. This is where common sense and careful thinking come in. Furniture and jewelry are

(Continued on page 48)

The Elks and

Another chapter in Elkdom's history of helpful action



The cornerstone is set for the Passaic County Elks Cerebral Palsy Center. Taking part in the ceremony are members of Clifton, Paterson and Passaic Lodges who make up the Passaic County, N. J., Elks Crippled Children's Committee. At the lower right-hand corner are Exalted Rulers Morris G. Berger of Passaic; Paul Furino of Clifton and Robert Draper of Paterson. Standing are Committeemen, Grand Treasurer William J. Jernick, principal speaker, Chairman J. Leo Slater, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph De Gise and their daughter who spread the cement with the help of William Hornick, the boy standing at right center. Others are County Cerebral Palsy Assn. officials, Elk, civic and religious leaders.

RECENT reports reveal that interest in all phases of cerebral palsy work—in educating the public, in making concrete donations, in organized planning for hospitals and the training of special therapists—is increasing measureably throughout the country.

In 1946, a National Cerebral Palsy Division of the National Society for Crippled Children and Adults was created.

In 1947, this Magazine published the first of many reports proving the Elks' awareness of the cerebral palsy problem. It was a story from El Dorado, Kansas, Lodge, recording a contribution of \$2,500 to Butler County's speech correction clinic which is part of the enormous Institute of Logopedics in Wichita. El Dorado Lodge had been supporting this clinic for eleven years, with the result that it has become known as the Elks Speech Correction Clinic, where victims of cerebral palsy whose problem is an inability to use the muscles controlling their speech are trained to overcome the handi-

cap. The Kansas Elks have adopted this project as their own; every lodge in the State is lending active support to it, never relaxing their efforts to augment its facilities.

As time went on, information from the Elks of one State after another came into our office at more and more frequent intervals, showing that once again the Order was spearheading campaigns to eliminate a specific and serious difficulty.

This came as no surprise to us—the Elks always have been the first to come through with a helping hand whenever the need was pointed out to them. They are leaders in combatting juvenile delinquency, in promoting safety programs, and their work for the crippled and the handicapped is widely known. So it was natural that they should take over in the cerebral palsy situation.

And they did.

According to our own files, for instance, we know that the Knoxville, Tenn., Elks contribute \$10,000 annually to the

Cerebral Palsy Center in their locale; the California Elks have been most generous to the victims in that State. Santa Rosa Lodge presented valuable equipment to the Sonoma County Cerebral Palsy School; Los Angeles Lodge erected a \$2,500 Annex to the Spastic Children's Foundation building there. Among others, White Plains, Mamaroneck and Syracuse, N. Y., Lodges have made substantial monetary gifts, and donated much-needed station wagons to the Cerebral Palsy Clinics in their communities. A similar gift went to the Cerebral Palsy Assn. from Silver Spring, Md., Lodge, and Robinson, Ill., Elks have purchased speech correction equipment for the training of these sufferers. Springfield, Mass., Lodge observed its 50th Anniversary by making many charitable gifts, including a therapeutic table to the Bay State Society for Crippled and Handicapped Children suffering from cerebral palsy, and a station wagon to the newly organized Cerebral Palsy Association.

CEREBRAL PALSY

One of the greatest Elk stories along these lines is the project undertaken by the Elks of Passaic County, New Jersey. A one-room school was the beginning of what is known as the Passaic County Elks Cerebral Palsy Center in Clifton; a one-subject curricula for 25 pupils was first on the agenda—speech-therapy. Then the Elks of Paterson, Passaic and Clifton purchased equipment to train the children further, much of which could be duplicated in the youngsters' homes. While the patients were learning to overcome their physical handicaps, parents were taught patience, primarily, and, during each clinic session, were briefed on the exercises and training to be stressed from week to week. The attitude of the parents is vital to the habilitation of a cerebral palsied child. They must treat him like a completely normal child no matter how difficult that is, so that if the child *might* be trained to live an independent life, no psychological handicaps will retard his progress as a result of unintelligent and unkind treatment from his parents.

The Passaic project was expanded to care for 60 regular pupils, each of whom received individual attention, by appointment, from specialists, among them Dr. Winthrop M. Phelps of Baltimore, outstanding cerebral palsy diagnostician. Results were so encouraging after 18 months of operation, that these Elks began an organized drive in the spring of 1949, with a goal of \$75,000 for the erection of a treatment center. A determined army of 325 men went to work on the drive; that they were successful is evidenced by the fact that \$88,000 was realized and in July, 1950, ground was broken for the Center. Then, on October 1st, in the presence of several hundred interested persons, the cornerstone for a \$125,000 building was laid at fitting ceremonies. Two children, Joanne De Gise and William Hornick, both cerebral palsy victims who will be among the Center's first patients, spread the cement for the stone, to the complete satisfaction of the dignitaries who participated. Among them were Grand Treasurer William J. Jernick, Mayor of Nutley, the principal speaker; J. Leo Slater, Chairman of the Elks Crippled Children's Committee; P.D.D. John V. Campana; Elk Committeemen; officials of the Passaic County Cerebral Palsy Assn., and religious and civic leaders. The example set by the Passaic group sparked the Elks of Bergen County, who are working on a drive for funds for a similar center.

(Continued on page 38)



Here is a youngster learning to use his muscles as he watches himself in the mirror. This phase of cerebral palsy therapy is most effective and can be directed only by trained personnel.



The deed to the new Colorado Elks Laradon Hall School is presented at special ceremonies attended by, left to right: Greeley P.E.R. Dr. Edwin J. Haefeli; President Samuel Johnson of the Denver Board of Education; P.E.R. John Godec, Jr., Committee Chairman; founder of the school Joseph V. Calabrese, and P.E.R. Ralph Rieves. At the rear are Past Exalted Rulers Louis E. Kitts and Denny Holmes.

News of the State Associations

VERMONT

St. Albans was host to the 23rd Annual Meeting of the Vermont State Elks Assn. in October, when the following men were selected as leaders for the current year: Pres., Ralph E. Miller, Windsor; 1st Vice-Pres., Bruno A. Beck, Burlington; 2nd Vice-Pres., Peter Hall, Hartford; 3rd Vice-Pres., Archie Buttura, Barre; Secy., Roger J. Sheridan, Montpelier; Treas., John W. Burke, Rutland; Tiler, Leo DeBarnardi, Windsor; Chaplain, Harold A. Smith, Windsor; Sgt.-at-Arms, Huntress T. Clark, Windsor; Trustees: Milton Montgomery, St. Johnsbury; Ralph W. Michelman, Brattleboro; John R. Miles, Barre, and Charles F. Hillman, Windsor. Reports revealed that nearly \$12,000 was raised for the Association's pet project, the Vermont Thorpe Camp for Crippled Children at Goshen.

St. Albans took top honors in the Ritualistic Contest, winning the handsome Riley C. Bowers Trophy; Montpelier Lodge was second; Brattleboro, third, and Bellows Falls, fourth.

The Vermont Elks, to meet next in Windsor, report a total contribution to

the Elks National Foundation of \$26,405.75. The Association's Scholarship Award went to Samuel N. Hibbard, and the Foundation Scholarship to Miss Phyllis E. Cameron.

Monthly bingo parties, with prizes, are held in the VA Hospital in White River Junction, where the lodges distribute magazines for the patients and put on a special Minstrel Show for their pleasure.

NEW HAMPSHIRE

Many interesting reports were read during the 22nd Annual Convention of the New Hampshire State Elks Assn. at Sunapee Harbor a few weeks ago, when Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley, Chairman of the Elks National Foundation, was principal speaker. The Credentials Committee reported an attendance of six Past Presidents, 12 current officers, 19 Committeemen, 26 delegates and 200 Elks and their ladies.

Another special guest was Thomas J. Brady, Secretary of the Board of Grand Trustees, who was introduced to the Convention delegates. On a request made by E.R. Robert E. O'Leary of Portsmouth,

the Association is appointing a committee, headed by P.D.D. Charles T. Durell for Portsmouth Naval Hospital, and by P.E.R. John J. Horan of Manchester for the Manchester VA Hospital, to arrange for entertainment programs for veterans returning from the Korean conflict.

The New Hampshire delegates reached a decision to hold the 1951 Convention in Manchester and elected the following men to head the organization until that time: Pres., Francis E. Hart, Claremont; 1st Vice-Pres., John J. Horan, Manchester; 2nd Vice-Pres., Maurice A. Jacques, Laconia; 3rd Vice-Pres., Edward Govangeli, Keene; Secy.-Treas., Joseph L. Collette, Claremont; Sgt.-at-Arms, Timothy D. Flynn, Dover. Trustees for the Assn. are Robert E. O'Leary, Portsmouth; Maurice J. Savage, Manchester; Raymond L. Wentworth, Dover; Reynold E. Finnegan, Berlin; Henry J. Salvail, Nashua; Donald W. MacIsaac, Laconia; Roland Goyette, Claremont; Norman O. Miner, Keene; Harry M. Rodd, Concord; George Lacroix, Franklin, and Edmond J. Schneider, Rochester.

P.E.R. Andrew A. McCarthy of Lowell, Mass., Lodge was guest soloist at the impressive Memorial Services conducted by P.D.D. William J. O'Grady.

NEW MEXICO

The greatest number of delegates ever recorded registered in Raton for the 21st Convention of the New Mexico Elks Assn. this year. The three-day meeting was a tremendous success with many interesting social activities.

Three new lodges have been welcomed into the Association—Hobbs, Lordsburg and Clovis, and 527 new members were enrolled during the year. The first Ritualistic Contest revealed much talent, with honors divided between the North and South Teams. Elk dignitaries on hand from Colorado were Past Grand Exalted Ruler John R. Coen, who delivered an inspiring address, and Chairman M. B. Chase of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee.

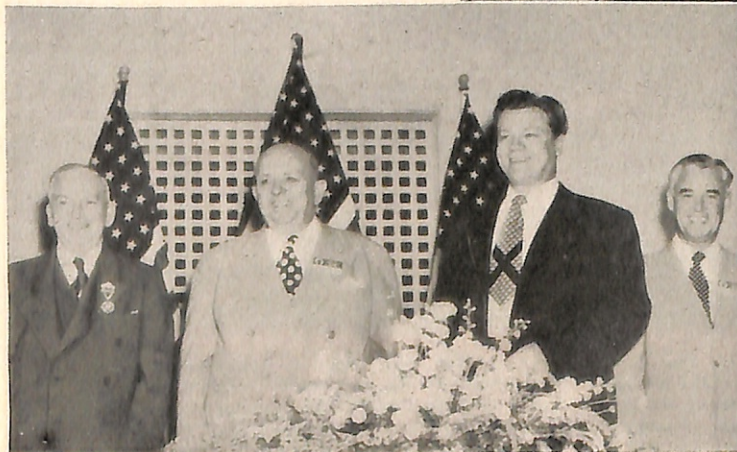
Highlight of the meeting was the offer made to the Association by Hobbs Lodge of a \$25,000 piece of property as the site of a cerebral palsy hospital; a concerted effort toward the relief of these sufferers is being made throughout the State of New Mexico.

The Convention closed with a very moving Memorial Service conducted by Las Cruces Lodge. The following Elks are the 1950-51 officials: Pres., Raymond Arias, Santa Fe; Vice-Pres., So., Robert J. Cunningham, Carlsbad; Vice-Pres., No., A. L. Donckers, Albuquerque; Secy., M. P. Sandoval, Santa Fe; Treas., Samuel Teitelbaum, Gallup; Trustees: Chairman M. L. Thomas, Silver City; J. A. Falletti, Raton; William Colvert, Carlsbad; Ashley Thompson, Albuquerque; George King, Santa Fe; Chaplain, Everett Rickard, Las Vegas; Sgt.-at-Arms, A. L. McKnight, Hobbs, and Tiler, J. L. Walker, Artesia.

Right: Three prominent Elks talk things over during the California Convention. Left to right: Past Grand Exalted Ruler L. A. Lewis, Gov. Earl Warren and Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph B. Kyle.



Below: Responding to the welcome of the diners at the Wisconsin Convention banquet, left to right: Past Grand Exalted Ruler Charles E. Broughton, Mr. Kyle, Associate State Supreme Court Justice Henry Hughes and Judge William I. O'Neill, retiring President of the Association.



ROD AND GUN

Quail hunting in the grand manner—40,000 acres of good cover, horizon-busting dogs and horses Dan couldn't ride.

BY DAN HOLLAND



IT ISN'T often that the common, every-day variety of foot-slogging, kick-'em-out type of hunter like myself gets an opportunity to take a quail hunt in the grand manner, a hunt complete with horses, chuck wagon, dog handlers and prudent advice. My opportunity didn't come until the final day of last season. It was almost the end of February when my shooting partner and I rushed down to South Carolina for the season's wind-up. We ramed around aimlessly for two or three days, and other than scare the living bejabbers out of some wild turkeys we hadn't proved much, except that catbriers are sharp and quail are sometimes hard to find. We had one good afternoon, thanks to an old darkie, knotty cane in hand, we met on a back road.

"Supposing you wanted to find some birds this evening, Uncle, where'd you go?" we asked him.

He cogitated on that for a moment, and answered, "Ah reckon ah'd go where I thought they was."

"And where would that be?"

"Why, right over thar in the pea fields along the branch—behind them cabms," he said, waving his cane in the direction. "Yes, suh, it's 'most generally right smart on birds in thar. Yes suh, right smart birds."

We had a good hunt in the pea fields along the branch, but that night we were invited to spend the next, and final, day terrorizing the quail on one of the South's most pretentious gun clubs. It was a sure thing compared to the chance meeting of an old colored man who knew where the birds were right smart. The club's grounds included 40,000 acres of leased land, all excellent cover well dotted with Lespedeza food patches. It sounded good. This was the real thing. The club had the cover and birds, and a kennel full of horizon-busting dogs that knew what to do about it. Naturally we accepted the invitation.

When we drove up to the club house in the morning, full of high purposes, there were horses saddled, ready and waiting for us. For some reason, this phase of the hunting hadn't occurred to us. I

don't have any particular love for horses, and occasionally I've had a sneaking suspicion that horses don't care much for me. The one they led me to that morning didn't. I swear he winked at one of the other horses as I put my foot in the stirrup, and before I could swing my leg over him he laid his ears back flat and took off for the Camptown races. I managed to get my right knee hooked over the saddle, but that's as far as I could get. We ran around that way for a while, generally tearing up the club scenery and my shins, until eventually it occurred to me that maybe the bob-tailed critter didn't want me to ride him, and I was quite sure I didn't want to ride him; so when we crossed what looked like a soft spot I made a jump for it. I no sooner hit the sod than he put on the brakes, winked again at another horse and commenced calmly munching grass. I was unhorsed.

OUR host was visibly upset over this unseemly behavior and immediately had another horse saddled for me. "This one," he explained, "won't run away with you, although he does have a rather peculiar habit of bucking whenever you prepare to dismount. And this one," he

said, taking the reins of a bay from an attendant and turning to my shooting partner, "will be your mount."

"I'll walk," said my shooting partner.

"But you can't do that, really," explained the host. "Our dogs are much too fast for a man on foot, and the food patches are far apart. You can't possibly get any shooting without a horse. It isn't done."

"I'll walk," said my shooting partner.

Even I felt sorry for him as our light cavalry got under way like Morgan's terrible raiders and left him standing there. The Lespedeza patches were spread out, one to each ten acres, so there wasn't a chance of his getting into more than a covey or two. On the other hand, we would probably have our limits before noon, and what's a little thing like a bucking horse compared to shooting like that?

When noon came, we didn't have our limits; in fact, we didn't have any. But it wasn't the fault of the dogs, or the dog handler or the horses. They all knew their game and were in there pitching from the start.

The dog work was beautiful. They were put down a brace at a time, and

(Continued on page 50)



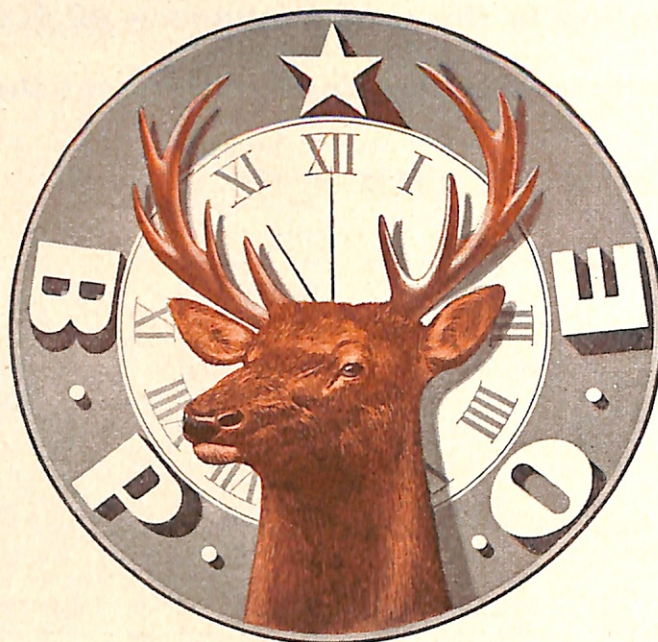
South Carolina quail are hard to find, and even harder to hit.

News of the Lodges

● **BEACON, N. Y.**, Lodge, No. 1493, was host to about 1,000 persons at impressive ceremonies recently, when its magnificent new home was dedicated. The program, in which national, state, district and local Elk officials participated, was preceded by a parade in which about 800 took part and which was witnessed by a crowd of nearly 7,000.

The outdoor ceremonies had as principal speaker Past Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan, who instituted the lodge 26 years ago. As Chairman of the Elks National Service Commission, Judge Hallinan praised the fine work of the Beacon Elks and their ladies for the hospitalized veterans at Castle Point. Another former leader of the Order, George I. Hall, also spoke, as did State Assn. Pres. Roy D. Martin. During the program P.E.R. Ralph L. Rogers, during whose regime the building was planned and started, and E.R. Simon Cahn were commended by Building Committeeman H. L. A. Forrestal who formally presented the edifice to Trustee Chairman Normington Schofield.

As Master of Ceremonies, Supreme Court Justice, P.E.R. J. Gordon Flannery introduced Mayor J. L. Bolton who extended an official welcome, and the following dignitaries: Building Committee Chairman Dominic Papo, Past Grand Tiler Michael J. Gilday, State Vice-Pres. T. P. McGowan, D.D.'s Ernest L. Tinklepaugh and Sidney Flisser, N.Y. State Elks Scholarship Committee Chairman James A. Gunn and many others, all of whom were guests of the lodge at a banquet prior to the dedication.



● **TEXAS NORTH DISTRICT** Elks met at Fort Worth in September, with all but one lodge represented by the 50 delegates on hand, and many out-of-District visitors present, including P.D.D. E. C. Bunch, and many other lodge officials.

E.R. Tom W. Stalmeker of Amarillo Lodge presented to Pres. J. Rollie Pray a check for \$4,856 as his lodge's quota for the operation of the Texas Elks Crippled Children's Hospital. The meeting was opened by Vice-Pres. R. A. Smith, and an address of welcome was delivered by E.R. C. C. Barnhart, to which Past Pres. Floyd B. Ford responded.

● **RATON, N. M.**, Lodge, No. 865, was shocked and saddened at the sudden death of P.E.R. A. B. Stabenow on August 10th.

Only 39 years of age, he had an outstanding record of service to the Order, having headed the New Mexico Committee on the Elks National Foundation for many years. At the time of his death he was Secretary of his State Assn.

A leader in community activities, Mr. Stabenow was a former President of the Raton Kiwanis Club and was conscientious and tireless in charitable work among young people.



Former Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary Chairman Martin J. Cunningham, left, congratulates the three longest-time members of the Connecticut Past Exalted Rulers' Association at a special reception in their honor. They are left to right: Danbury Lodge's Arthur A. Mead, New London's Anthony Silva and Bridgeport's John F. McDonough.



Moline, Ill., officials present a \$500 check for equipment for Children's Clinic at Moline Lutheran Hospital; a similar amount went to the City Hospital. Moline Elks also sponsor the clinic on a full-time basis. Left to right: P.D.D. W. A. Thorngren, Hospital Mgr. J. T. Tollefson, Clinic Chairman Dr. D. B. Freeman and Exalted Ruler Arthur Nelson.

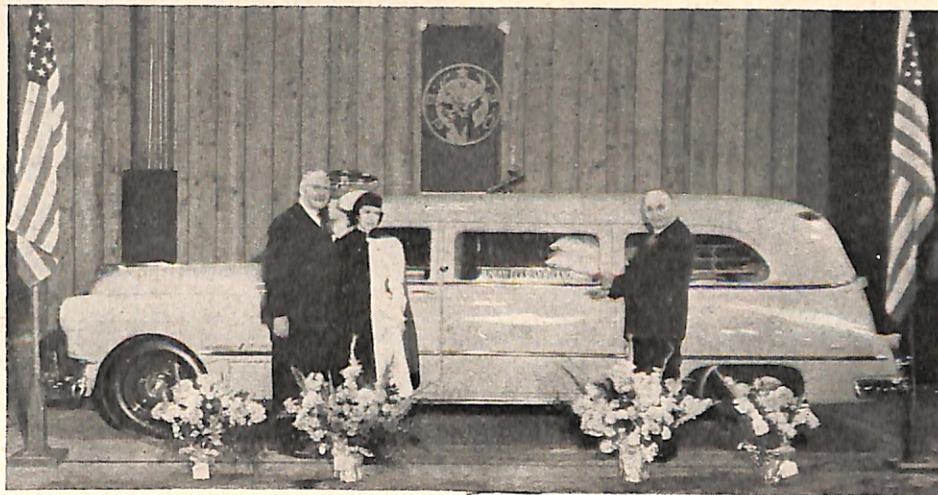
● **JUNEAU, ALASKA,** Lodge, No. 420, had a big time recently when a crowd of over 500 citizens cheered lustily as the keys and title to the new ambulance the lodge donated to the city were presented by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Emmett T. Anderson with an outstanding dedicatory address. E.R. Wallis S. George recounted the long-felt need of an ambulance, and credited the Juneau Emblem Club with equipping the interior of the vehicle with stretchers, blankets and other emergency requirements.

Members of the Ambulance Committee, all Elks led by Minard Mill, accepted the gift, and later members and their ladies adjourned to the lodge home where they met the Order's junior Past Grand Exalted Ruler, D.D. D. L. Stevenson and officials of neighboring lodges.

Prior to the dedication, Mr. Anderson had been feted at a banquet given by No. 420 and at a similar affair the evening of his arrival, tendered by Juneau's P.E.R.'s.

● **OIL CITY, PA.,** Lodge, No. 344, welcomed the largest crowd in its history recently, when over one thousand persons converged on its newly remodeled club rooms. The members and their ladies enjoyed dancing, and a talented floor show shared entertainment honors with competent musicians.

The rapidly increasing membership of Oil City Lodge during recent years made it imperative that additional space be provided for the convenience of the members. Over a year ago, when the lower floor of the building was vacated, the Elks inaugurated a program entailing the expenditure of about \$70,000 to remodel and refurnish the entire building. The Elks finally moved into the new quarters in August and have been enjoying the extensive facilities of their home ever since. The building is air-conditioned, and boasts every conceivable innovation designed for the comfort of the members.



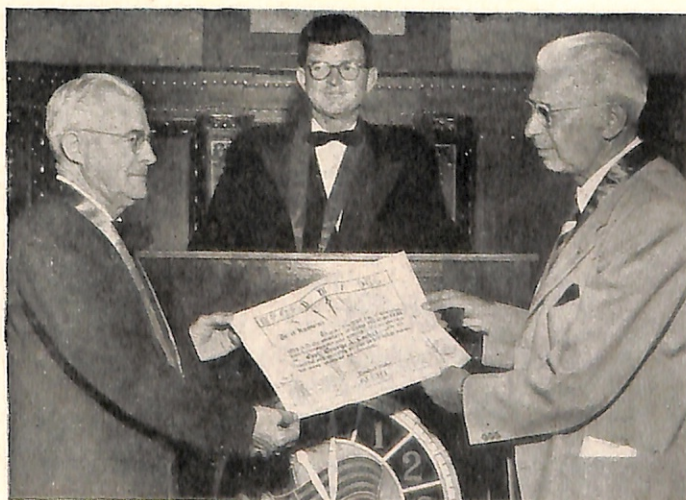
Past Grand Exalted Ruler Emmett T. Anderson, left, with E.R. W. S. George, a nurse and the ambulance the Order's former leader journeyed to Juneau, Alaska, Lodge to present to the city.



At the speakers' table at Beacon, N. Y., Lodge's Dedication Dinner were, left to right: Past Grand Exalted Ruler George I. Hall, Building Committee Chairman Dominic Papo, E.R. Simon Cahn, Past Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan, State Pres. Roy D. Martin and P.D.D. James A. Gunn, Chairman of the Scholarship Committee of the New York State Elks Association.



These dignitaries attended a meeting in honor of State Vice-Pres. Frank Lorenzi at Los Angeles, Calif. Left to right, back row: Chairman Elmer D. Doyle, P.E.R., and Past Grand Exalted Rulers Michael F. Shannon and L. A. Lewis; foreground: Mr. Lorenzi and E.R. Vern R. Huck.



P.D.D. C. P. Wright presents an Honorary Life Membership and a scroll of commendation for his many years' work with boys' programs, the Scouts and other civic endeavors to Tiler George A. Loebel of San Pedro, Calif., Lodge as E.R. G. M. Stephenson looks on with obvious approval.

LODGE NOTES



PORTLAND, ORE., Lodge's Minstrel Show performers made a visit to the Red Cross Blood Donor Center and donated blood to aid our fighting men in Korea. The donation didn't affect their thespian performance for the benefit of handicapped children at all . . .

DUNELLEN, N. J., is very proud of Bruce Cathcart, five-year-old handicapped child. The Elks have provided operations, treatments and artificial legs for the child whose picture will appear on the Easter Seals sent out by the State Crippled Children's Committee . . . In our listing of the current Grand Lodge Officers and Committeemen last month, we made a regrettable error in crediting Cleveland, Ohio, Lodge with the membership of Lodge Activities Committeeman Cyril A. Kremser. Mr. Kremser is a member of **LAKEWOOD, OHIO,** Lodge, No. 1350 . . . We have just received the names and lodges of the appointive officers of the **CALIF. STATE ELKS ASSN.,** whose 1950 Convention was reported in our November issue. They are Chaplain Rev. David Todd Gillmor of San Jose, Sgt.-at-Arms August Lepori of Petaluma and Tiler Horace C. Follett of Inglewood . . . We hear that **LONGVIEW, WASH.,** Lodge's 25th Anniversary celebration was a marvelous affair with Past Grand Exalted Rulers Frank J. Lonergan and Emmett T. Anderson, Grand Inner Guard L. John Nelson and former Chairman Edwin J. Alexander of the Lodge Activities Committee on hand for the festivities . . .

LIMA, OHIO, Lodge didn't forget the youngsters at the Allen-co Home when "Fair Time" rolled around this year; 34 children made trips to two expositions in buses provided by the lodge, under the guidance of Elks and their ladies . . . Movie cowboy "Wild Bill" Elliot brought his troupe to Camp Grassy, sponsored by the **NORTH DAKOTA ELKS ASSN.,** and put on a show for the youngsters who benefit from the camp's marvelous facilities. The visit was made through the efforts of Mandan Lodge Secy. J. J. Murray.



Exalted Ruler O. R. Mills receives the dispensation for the newly instituted Statesville, N. C., Lodge from Past District Deputy C. Vernon DeVault as other officers are interested witnesses.



A pleasant ceremony at Binghamton, N. Y., Lodge was the presentation of the Youth Activities Committee Award for that district to Helen C. Freer. Left to right: Exalted Ruler Wesley H. Allen, Committee Chairman Henry Merz, State Treasurer Claude Y. Cushman, Miss Freer, N. Y. State Assn. Youth Committee Chairman Ben Cohen, Past Exalted Ruler Van D. Welch and Mrs. Freer.



Inspecting the beautiful estate recently purchased by Saginaw, Mich., Lodge as a summer home for children are, foreground: Mrs. Harry Burrows, President of the Home Board, and Exalted Ruler Herbert M. Sargent. At rear, left to right: Lodge Secretary Joseph M. Leonard, Home Treasurer Mrs. H. A. Colvin, Norman Diment, Home Director Mrs. Clara Fernet, J. C. Coleman and F. C. Stobbart. The Elks are members of the lodge's committee in charge of this splendid project.



These men make up Newark, N. Y., Lodge's eight-team bowling league, in existence about 15 years.

● **SAGINAW, MICH.**, Lodge, No. 47, is mighty popular with the youngsters who live at the city's Children's Home. It was through the Elks' generosity and capable efforts that these boys and girls have secured a summer home.

The campaign to acquire a camp site for the Home began in 1943; in 1948 the Saginaw Elks pitched in. From receipts of several very successful amateur theatricals they put on, their own contributions and assistance from other generous people, they have purchased a beautiful, 50-acre, \$40,000 estate for these youngsters.

It includes a five-bedroom ranch-style house, is located on a river and is beautifully landscaped. Two garage buildings will be remodeled so that, with the house, the camp will accommodate about 60 persons.

● **BRADDOCK, PA.**, Lodge, No. 883, has suffered the loss of one of the finest Elks in the Order. Past Exalted Ruler John F. Nugent, who passed away at Scranton the day after the 1950 Convention of the Pennsylvania Elks Assn.

closed, was initiated into Braddock Lodge in June, 1913. He served in all Chair Offices, to become Exalted Ruler in 1920 and again in 1921.

In 1926 he was appointed District Deputy for Penna. Southwest, and in 1930 his fellow members elected him President of the State Assn. He served on the Grand Lodge Auditing Committee in 1931-32.

Mr. Nugent had attended 35 Grand Lodge Conventions, countless local and State meetings; his loyalty and devotion to the ideals and principles of Elksdom were widely known and appreciated; he will be sorely missed.

1950 GRAND LODGE CONVENTION BULLETIN

During the 1951 Grand Lodge Convention of the Order, which will be held in Chicago, Illinois, July 1st to the 5th, the 3,000-room Stevens Hotel, the largest in the world, will be Grand Lodge Headquarters.

Registration of all Grand Lodge members will take place there.

● **FRANKFORT, KY.**, Lodge, No. 530, celebrated 50 years as one of the most active in the Order some time ago. On hand were Gov. Earle C. Clements, Mayor C. T. Coleman and A. B. "Happy" Chandler, former Governor and now Baseball Commissioner, as principal speaker.

Two of No. 530's three surviving Charter Members were honored guests, B. R. Bacon and David P. Davis. The third member of the group, H. F. Lindsey, was unable to be present.

● **IDAHO ELKS** were thrilled and pleased recently, when Bing Crosby took their Convalescent Home for Children in Boise and the city itself by storm when he arrived there to lend his talents to raising funds for the Home. At the request of his friend, Elk Herman Welker of Weiser, the Groaner drove in from his Nevada ranch to play a benefit exhibition golf match. To the surprise and delight of the young patients, Bing paid them a lengthy visit. Incidentally, Der Bingle, teamed with his friend Marvin Ward, won the match.



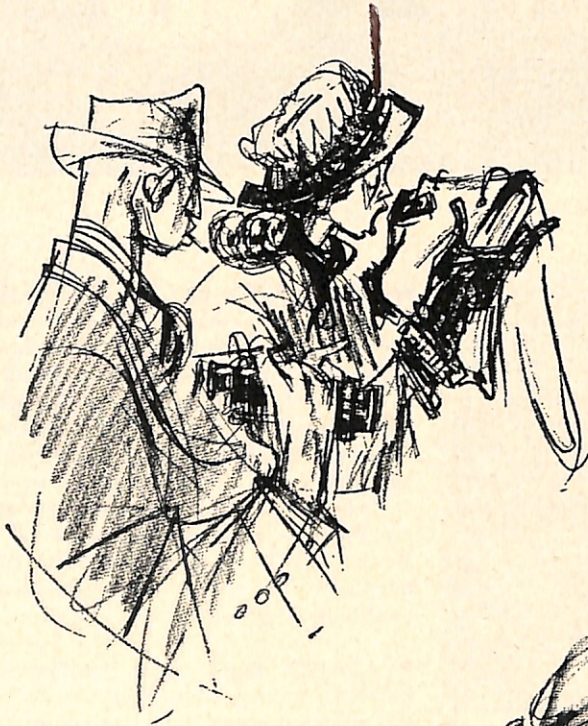
Elk E. J. Gage, Pres. of Laconia Hospital Physicians, explains the uses of the Sarnoff electrophrenic respirator to Lect. Knight B. I. Routin, P.E.R. A. D. O'Shea, Pres. of the Hospital, and E.R. D. W. MacIsaac. Laconia, N. H., Lodge gave the valuable machine to the hospital.



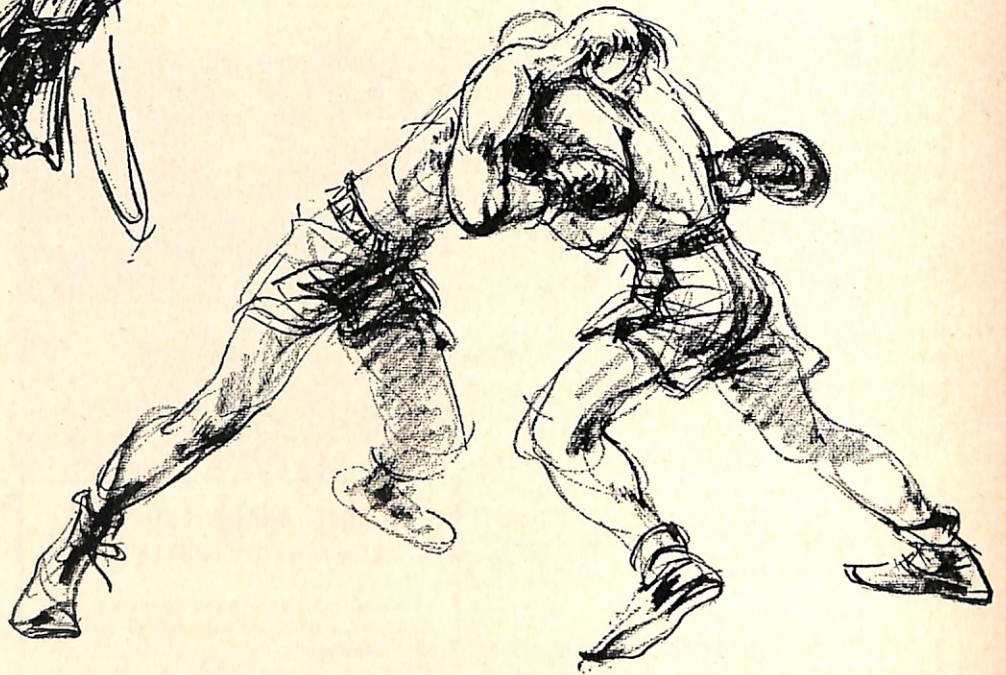
St. George, Utah, Lodge officials accept the gift of a handsome Elks' clock from the ladies of the lodge. Left to right: E.R. Grant B. Harris, P.E.R. Dr. A. W. McGregor, Mrs. James Cook, President of the ladies' organization, and Mrs. Grant Harris, the group's former President.

First Prelim

Fight Night—an artist's-eye view of fans,



First fight—"I can't look!"



Waltz.



Added attraction.

ILLUSTRATED BY
WILLIAM VON RIEGEN



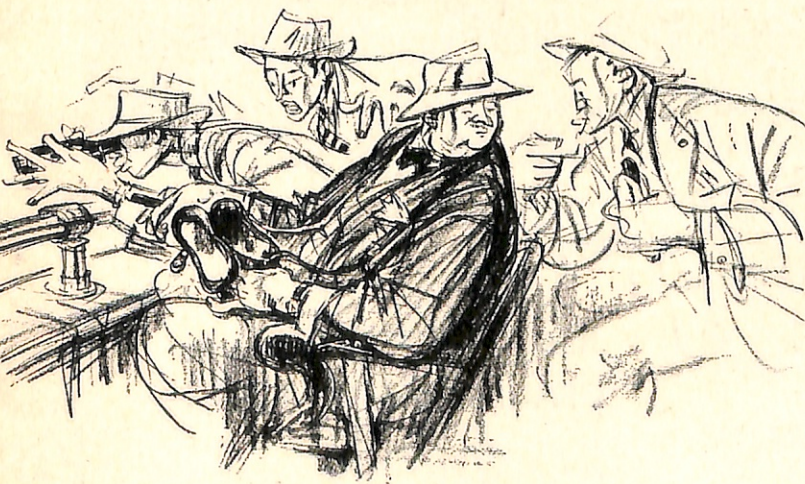
Ten per cent after expenses.



In the bag.



"The Winnah!"



Powerful binoculars.

Christmas Message



Christmas is a Christian festival, but its message knows no sectarian barrier.

Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men.

This song of the heavenly host heard 2,000 years ago above the hills of Judea echoes today in the hearts of uncounted millions of all lands and of many faiths.

The will to good is the most powerful force affecting the affairs of men, and has been from the beginning. The story of civilization is the story of the slow triumph of men of good-will over evil. History tends to obscure the powerful influence exerted by love and kindness in raising mankind to new heights of spiritual attainment, while emphasizing the misery that has been inflicted upon humanity by ill-will down the centuries.

Yet all the while, the ranks of men of good-will have grown, and their power has grown. Often it has seemed that good-will was swept away by the forces of evil and could never rise again. But always it arose again, triumphant, and stronger than ever before. And the numbers of men of good-will will increase until they cover the earth and there will be peace and all mankind will glorify God in the highest.

That is the promise of Christmas, which I hope and pray will bring deep and abiding happiness to each of you, my Brothers, and to your loved ones.

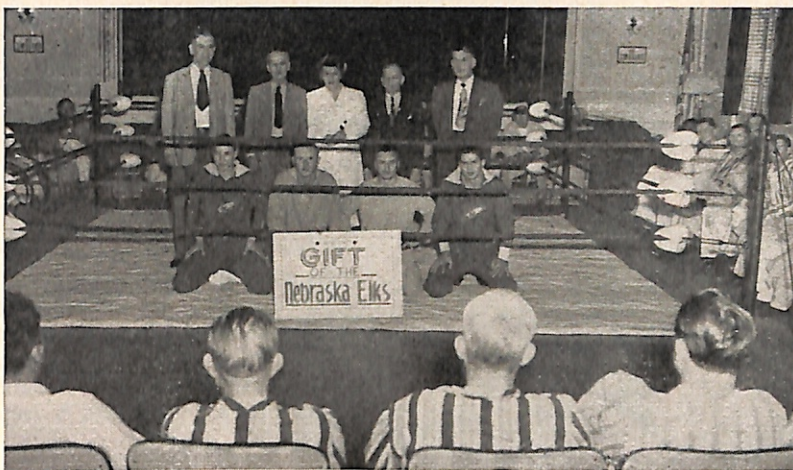
Fraternally yours,

JOSEPH B. KYLE
GRAND EXALTED RULER



ELKS NATIONAL SERVICE COMMISSION

ACTIVITIES



Above: Elks W. J. Griffin, Dr. G. M. Byrne, P.E.R., Recreation Officer Grace Darby, Committeemen Elmer Graham and P.E.R. Fred J. Cassidy, Chairman, line up in the ring with wrestlers from the University of Nebraska in a sports show put on for hospitalized servicemen by the Nebraska Elks.



Above: These entertainers added much to the veterans' enjoyment of a dance sponsored by the Elks at Winter Veterans' Administration Hospital in Topeka, Kansas.



Above: Members of the National Organizations Committee for U. S. Savings Bonds meet in Washington, D. C., representing various national fraternal groups. William M. Frasier, Executive Secretary of the Elks National Service Commission, sixth from left, was the delegate for the Elks.



Above: The "Vickers Family", singers of hymns and old-fashioned songs, entertain soldiers convalescing at the Montgomery, Ala., VA Hospital in an Alabama Elk program.

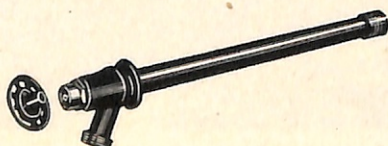


Right: Servicemen-patients have the best seats in the house during a five-act Nevada Elk-sponsored variety show.

GADGETS & GIMMICKS



OF ALL the impedimenta of our civilization, the one thing that, until now, hasn't advanced a foot is Christmas cards. True, the designs and messages have changed somewhat, but basically it's still been just a card cut into a predictable shape, to serve one predictable purpose, i.e., make its receiver panicky at the thought that he has neglected to send you a card. Now, however, some progress has been made. These new cards serve several purposes. 1—They make their receiver panicky at the thought that 2—being “three-dimensional”, as the maker says, they can be hung on the Christmas tree as ornaments and 3—coming equipped with a bit of string and a metal hook, they can be hung in windows, over doors and archways to decorate rooms with their designs.



HAVE your pipes burst? Look around and see. They have? Well, the reason for this state of affairs may be traced to what you forgot to do at summer's end. That is, drain the outside faucet and cut the water supply off from inside the basement. Of course, even this precaution wouldn't have been necessary if you'd had the new non-freezing outside water faucet. The principle is simple; the thought is ingenious. In short, the outside faucet handle operates a valve through a section of pipe, but the valve is safely inside your basement wall where it can't freeze up. Also, the detachable handle can be removed to keep prank-minded children and neurotic neighbors from turning on the water.

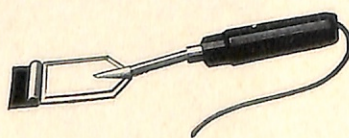
HERE is one of the most unique devices we've run across in many a moon. It is a new, midget motor scooter that folds to fit in the trunk of your car, in the baggage compartment of a light plane, or the stowage locker in a small boat. Running at a brisk 25 miles per

hour, the scooter gets 100 miles per gallon of gas, weighs only 50 pounds. It can provide auxiliary transportation whenever needed and can be used by the youngsters for their own amusement. Ruggedly built, it has an automatic clutch, a positive brake with ball bearings throughout. The engine: twin cylinder, twin-cycle, $2\frac{1}{4}$ horsepower.



DOG lovers sure love dogs, don't they? They spend more time feeding them, worrying over them, vaccinating them, washing them, combing them. And speaking of combing your dog, here's a way to comb him and, at the same time, de-flea him. It is a comb with hollow teeth, with a rubber bulb for a handle. Here's how it works: You put some of the de-fleaing powder into the bulb and then casually start combing your dog, or cat. Every now and then you squeeze the bulb, thereby spraying some of the flea-killing powder on the dog's skin. Frankly, the manufacturers haven't said what to do if your dog is ticklish.

IT'S GETTING so that golfers resemble fishermen in at least one important respect—they're being forced to get more and more equipment. Before golfers become immobilized with too heavy a load of the latest thing in golfing equipment, this item should be added. Presumably it should be worn by all golfers who take pride in the standing of their score, as well as their appearance in various sandtraps about the country. It is a neat, zippered cigarette case made of brown pigskin and holds a package of your favorite brand mounted firmly at your waist. It slips on your belt, holds other odds and ends like locker tag, car keys, etc. To prove it is really for golfers, there are small loops for tees on the front of the case.



NOW that you're safe inside the house beside the fire, and the lawn mower is stored in the basement until spring, chances are you won't have your “long

winter's nap”, despite all precautions. In the days to come, your wife undoubtedly is going to remember that a table and four chairs need refinishing and you're just the man to do the job. Ordinarily, this means endless hours of removing the blotchy finish that still clings to the aforementioned woodwork. But here's the thing that will make the whole chore, if not painless, at least as painless as possible. It is a new electrical tool that will peel paint to the bare wood surface in one stroke. The device softens the paint, after which it removes it cleanly and easily. All you have to do is plug it in and wait a few minutes for it to warm up. That shouldn't be difficult.



IT'S amazing how many new products are designed to appeal to lazy people, and it's fortunate there are so many lazy people around to appreciate them. Here's one you'll like. It's a simple folding bar that can be set up at a moment's notice—preferably by someone else—right next to your chair so that you can dispense beverages without wearing a rut in the floor from the living room to the kitchen for the necessary ingredients. The chromeplated steel stand and tray, which measures $16\frac{1}{2}$ inches by $22\frac{1}{2}$ inches, is light and can, on those rare occasions when it's not in use, be folded flat to fit into a closet. The top of the tray is stain-resistant; available in red or black.



THE secret of this fish-snagging lure lies in its ability to act like liveliness personified. The blooming thing wiggles, flutters, darts and dives (all for the same price). Among its many attributes and accomplishments, this particular lure stays clear of weeds but has no difficulty in attracting and hooking fish—fresh or salt water fish. You might say that it is

(Continued on page 51)

Best in Bourbon
Bottled in Bond

Charter Oak

Made Grander by
the Years Gone by





CHRISTMAS SHOPPING SHELF

A Guy and a Doll

—a Christmas Story by William Fay

(Continued from page 6)

for Holiday Hospitality



HOENSHEL
Brandied FRUIT CAKE

Your guests will appreciate the superb, old-world flavor of this dark, rich fruit cake, chock-full of finest glacé fruits and choice nuts, mellowed with rare, old, imported brandy. Also an ideal Christmas Gift.

1½ lb. cake \$2.05—3 lb. \$3.82
5 lb. \$6.02... 3 lb. cake with Brandied Hard Sauce \$4.57
... 2 lb. Plum Pudding with Hard Sauce \$2.10.

Prepaid East of the Mississippi, beyond add 25c

HOENSHEL FINE FOODS, INC.
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Bright Idea for Christmas Giving

JUSTRITE
Yellow-Flash



MOST POWERFUL FLASHLIGHT MADE!*

*Throws powerful half-mile BEACON BEAM
Uses 8 standard flashlight batteries to give 4 times the light of an ordinary lantern. Baked-on enamel body, chrome head. Rust-resistant. 8" high. At your dealer's or send check or m.o. Postpaid \$3.95 without batteries, \$4.75 with.

For Fishing, Hunting, Picnicking.
Roadside Auto Repairing.
Colorful Christmas box.



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with icicle spurs. It raised and tossed the rubbish in the gutters until the big and gaudy street wore a tattered, abandoned look. Christmas, as he knew too well, was the time for going home; only misfits, lost souls like himself, and people with work to do, were still upon the streets. The Broadway posters and the animated ads seemed to be wasting the waterfall of light they tossed down on nobody in particular. Close by there was the little bar and restaurant where the night before he'd had a beer with Sweeney. He decided to go in there, if only to get warm. The clock on the Paramount Building, high above the winter scene, said that it was almost ten o'clock—and it was then that Dennis found the money.

He just found it, that's all. Turning from the curb, he happened to see an old cigarette pack and some papers tumble in the wind, and then a small envelope, spinning merrily with the larger papers until it settled near the curb. He stood for a moment, very still, entranced by the numeral "20", white against the green of legitimate cash. In his present poverty, he reacted almost furtively. He stepped from the curb and covered the half-open envelope with his foot. Not far away, in front of the new recruiting booth that adorns Times Square, he could see an M.P. pacing back and forth, swinging his arms against the cold. He had some mysterious sense of guilt, which reason told him was nonsense. He stooped cautiously, as though to scratch at his woolen socks, and palmed the envelope. It was while getting up that he collided violently with someone hastening by. The someone hit him flush in his frozen nose, so that he could not see more than the flash of a camel's hair coat going by. He shouted angrily after the figure, "Why don't you watch out where you're goin'?"

A girl's voice answered him: "I'm sorry. I didn't see you." The girl walked on, a little shaken, but only as far as the corner.

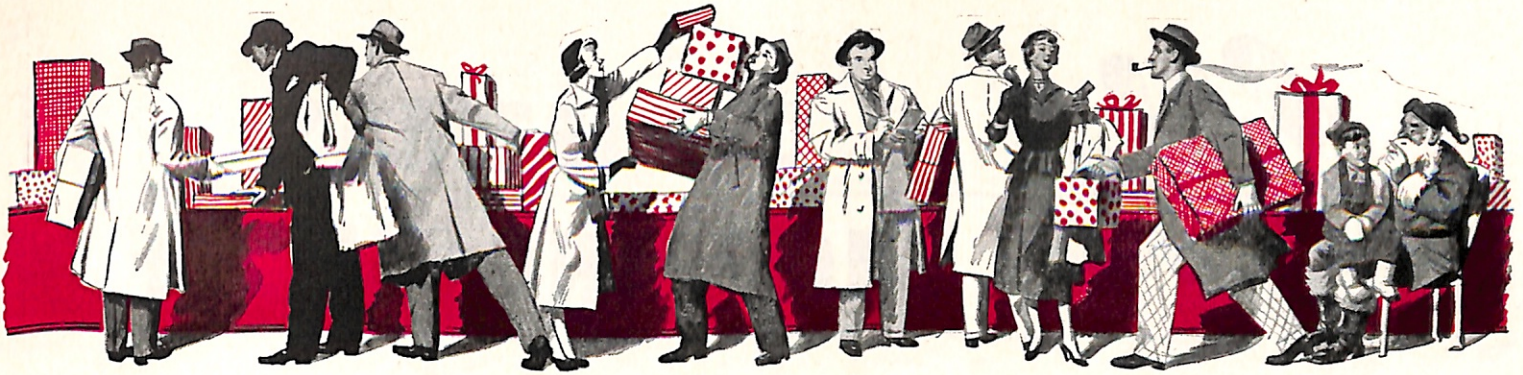
Dennis got up from the chill stone of

the gutter, rubbing his nose, but securely holding his prize. In the open doorway of a haberdashery shop, and with the aid of light reflected from the street, he now examined the contents of the envelope. On the first twenty-dollar bill he observed the severe expression of Andrew Jackson, and it occurred to him that never before had that hatchet-faced gentleman looked as pretty. There were, in all, twelve brilliant images of Mr. Jackson totaling \$240. But there was no name or identification on the small torn envelope; no social security number, either; there was only the lettering: Socia—and the rest of it ripped diagonally from the center to the top. So why feel guilty? Huh? Was he supposed to stand there waving the cash above his head for any crook to come along and claim? It's mine, he thought; the whole thing's mine.

And the heck with Sweeney, he thought. It was a fine joke on that faithless disgrace to the Army. Trusting people like Sweeney, he decided, was like having a friendly round of Vodka with certain neighbors just east of Berlin. A guy was a chump to believe in everyone, and all the mistletoe and sprigs of holly you could stuff up a chimney didn't make it any different. At least, he told himself, I've come of age.

HE STEPPED from the shelter of the doorway then and saw, still standing on the corner, the girl in camel's hair who had knocked him heels-over-haircut. It wasn't his habit to address young ladies with the gruff ill manners he'd employed. And besides, as a street light clearly revealed, this was the kind of a lady that a lonely soldier would like to find in his stocking at Christmas, or at any other time. Probably, bundled against the cold, she hadn't seen him bent over at the curb like a man with two sets of cramps. The least he might do was apologize, and who knew what good fortune might follow?

He walked over and began a speech, armed, as he felt, with half the cash in



the world. In his new and very worldly frame of mind, he could recall having heard that everything in the big town was for sale.

"If you are lost or orphaned, Miss," he began, "and need a friend at Christmas?"

The girl looked at him coolly, suspiciously. His confidence wavered. He was not experienced at this kind of thing and, probably enough, his smile resembled a leer. He tried again.

"I mean—well, it's a cold night," he said this time, but that did not sound very innocent, either. He had a great talent for taking one foot out of his mouth and then inserting the other.

The girl, whose pretty nose was frozen white, did not look pleased or impressed. She gazed across the square to the recruiting station and the M.P. patrolling there. "I suppose," she said, "that in times of emergency we must have all kinds of soldiers to make an Army, and that must also be why we have military police."

That was all she said.

Dennis said, "Merry Christmas," unhappily.

She did not reply, so he withdrew, defeated. He supposed he was just a clumsy clown whose intentions would always be misunderstood. But armed with his dozen likenesses of Andrew Jackson he walked with dignity into the bar and restaurant nearby. A beer-drinker in his most adventurous moods, he now said to the bartender, "Gimme a rye; but skip the soda."

THE straight whiskey almost gagged him, but it warmed him, too. From his own slim funds he placed a five-dollar bill on the bar. He hung his overcoat on a hook not far away. A bedraggled and windswept Santa Claus, with his day's work done and his stringy beard in hand, came into the saloon.

"Exactly the man we needed," Dennis said. "Have a drink."

"Thank you, General," Santa said; "I don't mind if I do."

There were not many at the bar, but a common loneliness, at Christmastime, helped draw them together. This cut-rate St. Nicholas, for instance, on his left, looked like a man the world had put through the ringer without removing the buttons. Here was an honest working man who really needed a lift.

"As a matter of fact," said Santa Claus,

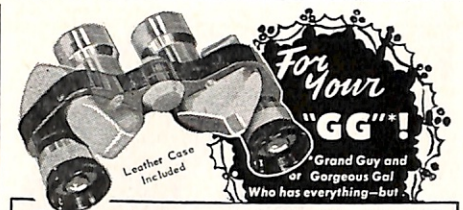


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Deluxe model **\$3.00** post paid

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PALM-POCKET SIZE World's smallest, handiest full 6 Power Coated Binocular. Brings objects 83% closer. Field 370 ft. Color-Corrected Achromatic Lenses. Originated in World War II for secret agents. 2"x3 3/4", 5 ozs. Beautiful 2 tone Chrome, 1,000 and 1 uses!

AMAZING 7 POWER, 35MM
Extremely accurate. Highly color-corrected. Advanced design. Coated. Needle sharp vision. High resolving power. Amazing clarity. . . Extreme lightness. Field: 375 ft. 4 3/4" x 5 3/4". Featherlight Magnesium Model \$54.50. (Central Focus \$4.00 extra.)

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TOOLED ELK EMBLEM Special HALVORFOLD Pass Case

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REPLACEABLE WINDOWS FOR 8 PASSES

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FREE to ELKS

This Genuine Cowhide Key-case with your name in Gold for the privilege of showing it to the V. O. L. D. F. O. L. D. Handiest thing you ever saw for car or latch keys. Keeps 4 keys on strong steel hooks.

It's yours whether you keep the HALVORFOLD or not. Don't miss this free offer.

Read Coupon Below Clip & Mail Today

Free Examination! Send No Money—No C.O.D.

Read my liberal offer in coupon. No strings to this (the genuine cowhide key-case is yours whether you keep the HALVORFOLD or not)—just send the coupon and your HALVORFOLD and key-case come by return mail. No C.O.D.—no payment of any kind. Examine the HALVORFOLD carefully, slip in your passes and cards and see how handy it is. Show it to your friends and note their admiration. Compare it with other cases at \$10.00 and over (my price to you is only \$4.90). No obligation to buy. I trust Elk as square-shooters and am so sure that the HALVORFOLD is just what you need that I am making you the fairest offer I know how. Don't miss this chance. Send Coupon Now—Today!

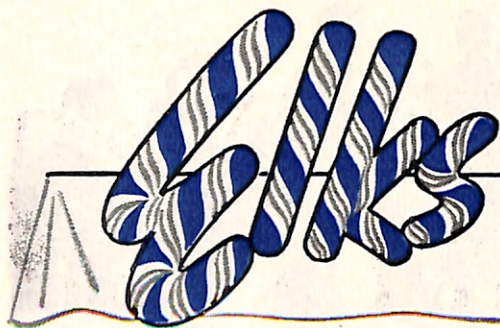
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Send me HALVORFOLD for free examination, with name, address, etc. in 23K Gold as per instructions below—also the FREE key case. If I decide not to keep the HALVORFOLD I'll return it at my expense within three days and call the deal closed. If I keep it, I will send your special price of \$4.90. Either way the key case is mine to keep free. HALVORFOLD comes regularly for 8 passes; for 12 pass add 25c, 16 pass 50c. Check Square for ☐ Black ☐ Brown

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For sports—television—theatre. 2½-power binocular worn as glasses! Weighs under 3½ ounces! Precision ground lenses individually adjustable. Flexible black plastic frame can be bent to contour of head. Morocco grained black, plush lined case fits in coat pocket. Made in U.S.A. Postpaid including Federal Tax . . . \$11.95. Walter S. Nicklas Co., P. O. Box 98, Orinda, Calif.



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Empties your pipe with one easy rotation of bowl on rod. Ashes drop in tray. No dirty hands, no ashes on floor, no broken stems. Every pipe smoker and hostess should have one. Solid brass or copper with beautiful satin finish. Send \$1.50 today to WHOLESALE DIE CO. Dept. 2, South Pasadena, Calif.



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HITS LIKE A .22 RIFLE—KILLS RABBITS, SQUIRRELS. Powerful, silent, accurate. For hunting, target, routing pests. Sportsman's choice sold world over!

HUNTING SLINGSHOT
45-LB. PULL
Heavy duty 7" ash stock. 40 steel balls, extra rubber straps. GUARANTEED—at dealers, or send \$1, to Wham-O Mfg. Co., Box 27, South Pasadena, Calif. *Professional model of Nat'l Slingshot Assn.



Reflexite AUTO EMBLEM

3½" Emblem in 5 colors. Stainless Steel frame. Attaches to license plate. Shows up clearly day and night.

Price each, prepaid \$1.50

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ROLLER RULE HANDY MECHANICAL PENCIL

Measures Curves and Straight Lines. Any Shape. Any Distance. Any Surface.

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gratefully, "I was down to my last reindeer."

"Things are tough, pal?" Dennis said.

"I lost my pay," the old gent said.

Dennis's insides went hollow.

"You what?"

"Twelve bucks I made ringin' a bell all day in a hardware store on Sixth Avenue. I blew it in a crap game, son."

Dennis relaxed. That was better. Much better. It left his own nest-egg intact. It was a threat removed. There was a fat ham, stabbed with a fork, reposing on a platter at the end of the bar; there was a coffee pot with steam slowly rising. The old fellow looked at it, too.

"A couple of sandwiches and some coffee," Dennis said, "for me and St. Nicholas."

The tone of things improved. There was a silly program on the radio and Dennis began to plan the things he could do with his new-found riches. The bartender sliced the ham and started to tell a story in competition with the radio, though it was not the kind of a story you would dare put on the air.

"Quiet," somebody said then. "There's a lady in the house."

Dennis turned and saw the girl in camel's hair. The out-of-doors had used her badly. Her teeth were chattering and she was rubbing gloved hands together. She looked, he decided, like a beautiful popsickle. The bartender said to her, "Yes, ma'am?"

"I'd like some change to make a phone call," the girl said, "and I would very much like some coffee, too." She placed a dollar on the bar, received change of it, and then went into the single phone booth. He could hear her dialing and then hear the quick, repeated sounds of a busy signal. The girl reappeared. She sipped at the coffee the bartender set before her. The radio talent had notably improved. Bing Crosby was saying something droll and Christmasy, but Dennis preferred to watch the girl. He could not recall having seen many sights more pleasant. Her glance met his and he grinned, sheepishly. The girl responded; perhaps because it was Christmas, and she was warm again. The smile was almost forgiving, though this was clearly not the kind of young lady you picked up on any street corner. He moved close enough to say, "I'm sorry I acted like such a dope. I wasn't trying to be fresh, or anything. It's just that



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I'm not very good at making smart remarks. You believe me?"

"I think so," she said, "and I'll admit you look less dangerous in here."

Her hair was long and chestnut-toned. Her mouth looked soft and exquisite. She was young, he decided, very young, and pretty as a 50-cent Valentine—especially after the thaw. They talked for a while, himself, the girl, and Santa Claus. It was almost eleven o'clock.

THEN they were quiet, all of them together. Eyes were misty. Throats were lumpy. The remarkable Mr. Crosby, like a baritone angel, was singing, "Silent Night." All else was still and in the mind's eye, going back to that First Christmas, shepherds walked the mystic night and wise men followed a star. Dennis looked once at the rapt face of the girl beside him. He had not even learned her name. Once, too, he had an uneasy feeling that Santa Claus, standing chummily close, was not too artfully picking the pocket of his jacket. But it was probably just the press of their bodies together, and he had the comforting knowledge that there was no money in that pocket, anyhow. Besides, he believed himself much too good a judge of character to be wrong this time. Indeed, he resolved, in the warmth of the moment and under the spell of Mr. Crosby, to reimburse the poor old fellow for the day's pay he had lost. Then the spell was broken. Mr. Crosby had concluded. Mr. Crosby said good night.

"That Crosby, I'm tellin' ya," the bartender said, "has a great set o' pipes. If you was only able to run beer through them it would all come out like a foamy dream."

"Well, it's late," the girl said now, "but at least I'm warm. I think I'd better say good night."

"I'm a highly available member of the infantry," Dennis said. "Can I take you home?"

"It's a long trip, really."

"But I'm harmless."

"I can believe that."

"I mean, well, lemme ask you a reasonable question then. What's your name?"

"My name is Martha," she said agreeably. "Is that enough?"

"No, it's not enough. Lemme ask you another question, though you don't have to answer. Did some maniac stand you

up tonight? Leave you freezing on that corner?"

"Not really. At least I'm sure it was not intentional."

"He was a steady friend of yours—this guy?"

"He was a soldier," she said. "It may sound silly, but I was looking for a soldier with the biggest doll in the world. At least that's the way my brother described it."

Dennis gaped at her. Dennis nearly fell off the bar stool. The girl looked frightened at his expression.

"Sweeney!" he shouted.

"What's that? What did you say?"

"Sweeney," I said; I repeat it, 'Sweeney!' Mike Sweeney is your brother?"

"Of course, he is."

"Look," he shouted, "I'm Denny! I'm the guy with the doll, or at least I was. It was this high." He demonstrated with his hands the astonishing size of the doll. "Why, it was bigger'n you. Mike told me it was for his kid sister, and the bum was supposed to meet me at six o'clock."

Martha Sweeney laughed. Her eyes shone. There was warmth enough in her smile, he thought, to defrost the whole outdoors.

"I'm Mike's kid sister," she said, "or at least that's what he calls me. I have a weakness for dolls that he indulges every Christmas—I suppose I'm the motherly type, and I—"

"What happened to Mike?"

"Well, he was trimming the tree, poor boy, and fell from the ladder. The doctor said it's not serious, really, but that he'll have to stay off his ankle for a week or so. Meanwhile, there was no one to come and meet you, because you had checked out of your hotel. I came home late and I—well, here I am. And a silly thing, too—Mike told me to look for a funny-looking fellow with a bewildered look. I don't think you look like that at all."

"Thank you very much."

"And the doll?" she said then.

"Oh, the doll. Well, I checked it at Grand Central, account of I looked like a kidnapper with a full-size specimen. I've got the baggage check right here in my pocket—at least I did have it." He began to dig anxiously in several pockets. "Wait a minute now; lemme see. No; it was in this pocket, here. It had to be." He stopped. He remem-

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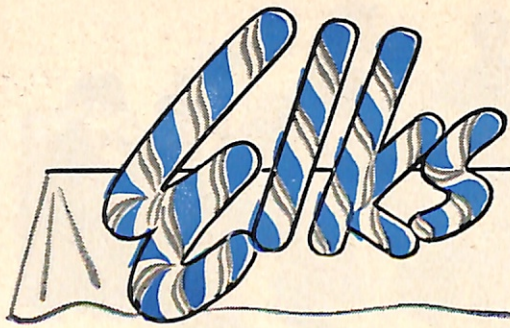
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bered now his suspicions of Santa Claus while Crosby was singing so sweetly. His heart dropped like a hard-boiled egg. He looked about frantically.

Martha Sweeney said, "What's the matter?"

Dennis turned to the bartender.

"Where did Mr. Whiskers go?" he demanded.

"Why, about ten minutes ago," the bartender said, "your pal went out of here, tippy-toe, like a reindeer wearin' sneakers."

"I'll kill 'im!" Dennis said, and Miss Sweeney looked amazed. "I'll make that crook eat his beard, elastic an' all!" He grasped both his overcoat and Miss Sweeney.

"Where in the world are we going?"

"To Grand Central Station," Dennis said; "it's the only chance we've got. Taxi!" he shouted going through the door. "Taxi! Taxi! Taxi!"

SANTA CLAUS, a desperate, shaken man, was ashamed of himself. Larceny, he had long believed, was an addiction well behind him, but the press of his need tonight had proved stronger than his conscience. Old skills survive and he had picked that pocket clean as a tooth, he told himself. It was just too bad it had to be that nice young man's. He looked at the baggage check in his hand. His hand was cold and trembled with guilt. The only warmth that Santa knew was the creeping heat of his shame. Of course, you never knew what you would get with a baggage check, but if it could be pawned—then shame or no shame, he could get a few things for his old lady sitting home. He put the claim-check down on the counter and waited while the attendant picked it up. He waited, dry-tongued, anxious, until the attendant returned, maneuvering a small bag and the biggest doll in the world.

"Looks like it might have come right out of your workshop, Pop," the attendant said.

Santa tried not to look surprised. The bag might yield a dividend and a doll like this should be good for a quick ten bucks. Besides, it was the type article a Santa Claus, if anyone, could carry around without attracting suspicion. He started off with his loot, then suddenly stopped. Fear gripped him. He wanted to run, but his legs would not respond. He simply stood there, clutching the doll

and bag, motionless in his gaudy crimson pants.

Dennis had spotted this synthetic North Pole fugitive from the top of a ramp. He descended, with Miss Sweeney close behind him, like a one-man cavalry charge. He ran in a kind of galloping rage and saw the figure in the red suit trying to get away.

"Leggo, you crook!" he shouted. "Leggo that doll!"

But the old boy wailed and held on tight, smart enough to deny his guilt. People paused to watch the struggle. "Leave that poor old man alone!" somebody said. And Dennis could see a gleam of resourcefulness come alive in Santa's milky eyes.

"The heck I'll let go," Dennis said. "These things are mine." But the attendant now on duty was not the same man he had left these articles with some hours before. "They belong to the old fellow," the attendant said. "Get your hands off 'im!"

Dennis tugged more firmly.

There was a soldier among those who had stopped to watch the commotion. This soldier, perhaps anxious for action, gave Dennis a hearty shove. Santa, at this interruption, broke away with the loot. The soldier now hit Dennis in the nose, and Dennis, who by now had quaffed too deeply of injustice, responded by teeing off and stretching his fellow-soldier as limp as Santa's whiskers on the floor of the terminal. It was only while the soldier was flying through the air that Dennis for the first time saw the chevrons on his victim's sleeve. He promptly took off on a sprint of his own, not only in pursuit of Santa Claus, but in pursuit of safety as well. "Come on," he said, and Miss Sweeney, an unusually athletic young lady, was able to match his speed.

They overtook Santa at the top of the ramp, where the old boy, breathless and defeated, failed to struggle. Dennis led him firmly to the curb of 42nd Street and pushed him into a cab. Still feeling his nose, he was not filled with beautiful thoughts. It was the second time tonight his nose had been assaulted.

"Drive west," he told the driver. "Get me out of this neighborhood."

"Anything you say, Mac; where to then?"

"To the police station nearest Times Square," he said.



"Traffic or criminal?" the driver wanted to know.

"Larceny."

"Then you want the 18th Precinct, West Fifty-Fourth."

"Don't let them lock me up, son, please," the old man said.

But Dennis did not reply. He sat still while the cab moved on. He could feel the roll of money he had found, fat and safe in his trouser pocket. Martha, who was holding the doll, looked first at Santa, and then at him.

"Denny—please, Denny; it's Christmas."

"Who should know that better than me?" he said. "Do crooks have special privileges at Christmas?"

There was no answer to that and the old man sagged between them. The struggle was over. He wanted to weep. Lord, said this weary Santa Claus, I am a scoundrel from away back, Lord, but if you make it so's I don't get tossed into the can, I'll never steal again; I'll never gamble, Lord; I'll treat the ol' lady like I ought to—honest. I'm a nine-times loser, Lord, an' they will throw away the key this time.

The old man wept.

The driver announced, "The 18th Precinct, folks, as chummy a place as ya'll find."

Dennis stepped out. There were the customary green lights in front of the station house and a fat cop breathing deeply of the evening air. Santa Claus, an abject figure, peered balefully from the shelter of the cab. The cop said to Dennis, "What can I do for you, soldier?"

He swallowed dryly. It wasn't easy. He could feel all those nice, clear etchings of Andrew Jackson in his pocket. "I want to report having found \$240," he finally said to the cop.

"That sounds like a nice day's pay," the cop said. "Go inside an' see the sergeant at the desk."

"Yes, sir," Dennis said.

"An' who's this bum in the red suit?" the cop then wanted to know. "The guy in the cab. Ain't I seen him before? Hey, you," he called, "haven't I locked you up before?"

"Santa?" said Dennis. "Why, he's a friend of mine. He just came along for the ride."

Sweeney's sister was waiting for him
(Continued on page 46)



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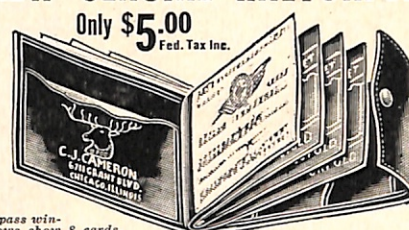
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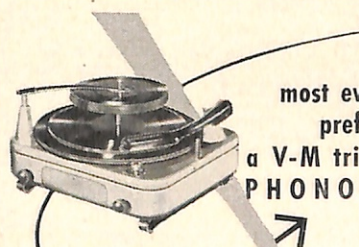


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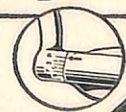


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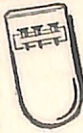
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for Elks who Travel

BY HORACE SUTTON

THE last time I saw Paris was about two weeks ago and I must say the place looked as beautiful, as feminine, as gay as ever. The great advantage that Paris has over other famous beauties is that her loveliness is quite timeless. If Helena Rubinstein or someone could bottle the formula, women from Yakima to Yazoo City would beat an even wider trail to the cosmetic counters.

The advantage of seeing Paris, or any other city in Europe in what is generally accepted to be the "off season", is the fact that the cosmopolitan centers begin to flourish once the tourists are safely back *chez eux*. One is liable to encounter more Americans, more Swedes, more Belgians, more Swiss in Paris of a summer's day than Parisians. A good many shops in town are busy operating their seaside branches, the theaters are dark, and the hotels are full of everyone you see at home anyway. In case money figures in your plans, you will find transportation prices, particularly on the airlines, substantially reduced this time of year.

Anyone doubtless could find enough to keep him occupied in Paris for a couple of months without any help from me, but just for the fun of it, herewith are a handful of notes picked up during an October week spent in the shadow of the *Arc de Triomphe*.

LIGHTER SIDE

Maurice Chevalier, slim, fit, sun-tanned and sixtyish, is holding forth in a one-man show at the *Théâtre des Variétés*. He sings, cavorts, sticks out his lower lip poutishly and goes through his old numbers for two hours. Although he only does one number in English—his old and popular "Louise"—you won't have too much difficulty comprehending his French no matter how much trouble you had getting through the "Chardenal" in high school. Nobody, of course, can fail to get the idea over at the Folies Bergère which grinds on, year after year. To enhance further the proceedings there are the Peters Sisters, three American Negro ladies of immense proportions who sing rhythm numbers and crack wise in badly mutilated French. The proceedings last from 8:15 until 11:45 and, if you feel you have to occupy yourself during the intermission, there is a hootchy-kootch dance in the basement between the acts. It's not half as daring nor as attractive as what you will find onstage during the

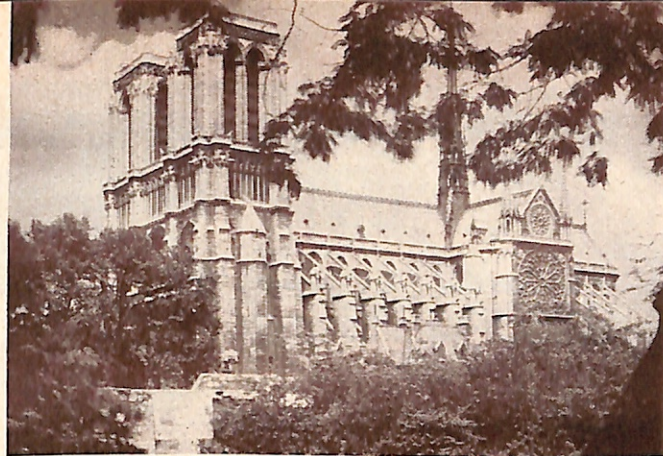
**Age-old and colorful Paris is
as gay and beautiful as ever.**

regular show, and, frankly, I would save my francs for better purposes. The first seven rows of the theater, incidentally, are equipped with deep leather chairs and extra cushions, and I can't remember when I was more comfortable at the theater. The price for these accommodations comes to about \$3 a seat, and it's really worth it.

HOLLYWOOD IN PARIS

Elsewhere on the Paris boards, you will find such American importations as "*Annie du Far West*" which was "*Annie Get Your Gun*" in New York, and "*Harvey*", which is playing in French with Fernand Gravey. The *Champs Elysées*, which will do as the most beautiful street in the world until some city builds something better, is lined with rows of movie theaters. Most of the films are American with a dubbed-in French sound track, or French titles printed underneath. The names of the pictures are usually changed, too, so if you're looking for "*Reap the Wild Wind*", you'll find it playing under the title of "*Les Naufrageurs des Mers du Sud*". "*Calamity Jane and Sam Bass*" has become "*La Fille des Prairies*", the "*Prince of Foxes*" is "*Echec a Borgia*", "*My Pal Trigger*" comes out "*Les Aventures d'Eclair*". For some reason beyond my ken, that old chestnut, "*The Perils of Pauline*", is released in France under the name "*Les Exploits de Pearl White*", and the perennial "*Little Women*" is known locally as "*Les Quatre Filles du Dr. March*".

One of Paris's greatest attractions is its Flea Market, an open air collection of antiques, odds, ends, and trivia which is on display in the north end of town every Saturday, Sunday and Monday. Since you probably will not be in the market for a suit of long-handled underwear or an old GI field jacket or a Moroccan ottoman, unstuffed, your greatest interest will undoubtedly lie in the two alleys of antiques. Here you can find canteens from the Franco-Prussian War, a stuffed otter upholding a globe in his hairy paw, and, upon rare occasion, some choice pieces of furniture. Whatever you do, don't accept the first price the dealer indicates. The Flea Marketeer expects to bargain. Two Americans I know who live in Paris always work the alleys as a team. They walk up to a stall together and, when they find something they would like, one asks the price. When the dealer



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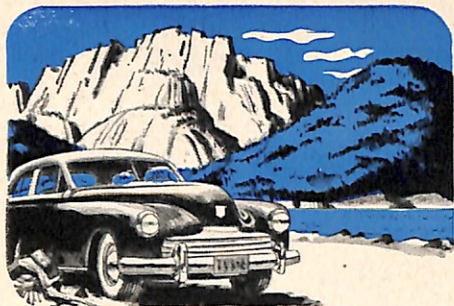
Ewing Galloway Photos

THE OPERA
HOUSE OF PARIS.



VIEW ALONG
THE RIVER SEINE.





For ELKS who TRAVEL

(Continued from page 33)

quotes some astronomical figure the other Yank claps his hands to ears, utters a high-pitched wail and otherwise gets over the idea that the demand is fantastic. This by-play automatically drops the price one third, I am told. Should browsing make you hungry, you'll find one tiny restaurant in Alley No. 1 which bears the sign: "Hot Dogs Cosney Island Style".

BY INVITATION ONLY

A more precarious venture of an afternoon is to let your wife visit one of the dens of the Paris *haute couture*. Many of the dressmakers are clustered around the Avenue Matignon and the Avenue George V section, but don't expect just to drop in. They are very touchy about having their creations copied, and they will admit potential customers to their afternoon showings by invitation only. The invitations are usually sent to new arrivals staying at the better hotels. Having rubbed elbows with Jacques Fath at cocktails one day (he was wearing a green tartan jacket, a yellow suede vest, a black knitted tie and light blond hair) and having received invitations to unload some of my cash in his salons any day at three o'clock, I dropped by one day, wife in tow. The prices are incredible, but the ensembles have been given some fancy names, such as "Canasta", "In Spite of Everything", "Wonderful Trip" —(all translations by this column).

If you would rather spend your money in the open air, horse racing in Paris goes on all year, and it's quite a sight. We went out to Longchamp in the *Bois de Boulogne*, not far from town, one Sunday afternoon and found the spectators as much a spectacle as the horses. Between each race the whole assemblage floats away from the track and mills about on a great, pebbled esplanade. In the mob was Ali Khan, in person, hobbling about on a cane from his leg injury on the ski slopes at Gstaad last winter. If some fashion editor would like an advance tip, he can take it from us that the Ali was decked out in a blue pin stripe business suit, crepe soled shoes and a green Tyrolean hat with feather.

After everyone has a good ogle at

everyone else, the crowd filters back to make its bets and takes up positions along the rail. You can wager as little as 500 francs, which is to say about a buck and a half, merely by appearing in front of the 500-franc window and telling the man a—the number of the horse you prefer, and b—whether you are betting *gagner* (to win), or *placer* (to show). For those who bet in the big money there are windows with English-speaking ticket takers. The only big disadvantage of French racing is, as I say, that there is so little attention paid to the horses. Perhaps that derives from the fact that the nags start on the far side of the track nearly out of sight and remain out of sight to all but the farsighted until they break for the homestretch. Then they are across the line before you can really savor the excitement, and you stand there frustrated and unfulfilled, with nothing to do but tear up the tickets that didn't pay off and go back to look over the crowd.

HOTELS BY THE THOUSAND

As for hotels, Paris has a thousand of them. Doubtless the most glamorous, most plush, most exciting is the handsome George V, not far from the *Champs Elysées* and the *Arc de Triomphe*. The suites are sumptuous, fastidiously French. Yet the telephone operators, the waiters, the mail clerk, and the girl who will get you theater tickets, all speak good English. Not nearly so big as a Waldorf or a Shamrock, the George V still manages to find room for beauty parlor and barber shop, a hospital equipped with two nurses, a buzzing bar, a long arcade for tea. In summer there is a garden in the courtyard of the hotel decorated with umbrellaed tables and a chic, international clientele.

DESIGNED FOR COMFORT

In the same category you also can wallow in comfort at the Royal Monceau near the *Parc Monceau*; at the Ritz, which is on the *Place Vendôme*; at the quiet, sleepy Meurice on the *Rue de Rivoli*; not to forget the old Crillon, next to the American Embassy which once put

up President Wilson. Your travel agent will have a complete list which you can compare with your means and preference.

Nobody, of course, should leave Paris without doing the obvious sights like the Eiffel Tower, the Cathedral of Notre Dame, the *Louvre*, the *Hôtel des Invalides* and the *Place de la Concorde*. Going up the Eiffel Tower you can buy a ticket for the first, second, or third floors. There is a restaurant on the first, an observation platform and tearoom on the second, and not much more than a more extensive view on the top. It goes you more the higher you go. The *Hôtel des Invalides* is, contrarily, not a hotel at all but a repository for the great and the dead of France. The principal tomb contains Napoleon, and elsewhere on the premises you will find rather handsome memorials to his son, to Marshall Foch, and many others. The *Place de la Concorde* is one of the largest open squares in the world and, although it is filled now with fountains and figures, it was the site of the guillotine during the French Revolution. The American Embassy is just off the square, and the building it matches with perfect symmetry on the other side of a long row of the *Concorde* is occupied now by the ECA. Our employees, busy with European recovery, have been in the habit of working late at night and the lights from their windows blazed out across the *Concorde*. Recently the police came by and asked the force to stop working so late because the lights from the windows were spoiling the looks of the square. The ECA has installed canvas blinds and behind them they work late each night on the problem of European recovery. The perfect symmetry of the *Concorde* has been preserved.

PLANNING A TRIP? Travel information is available to Elks Magazine readers. Just write to the Travel Department, *Elks Magazine*, 50 East 42nd St., N. Y., stating where you want to go and by what mode of travel. Please print name and address. Every effort will be made to provide the information you require. Because of seasonal changes in road conditions, if you are traveling by car be sure to state the exact date that you plan to start your trip.



E.R. V. W. Kengla presents Medford, Ore., Lodge's check to H. V. Connelly and C. A. Dezurick, representatives of the R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., for the purchase of over 150,000 cigarettes to be distributed as gifts of the Elks to American servicemen fighting in the Korean war.



Chairman Bob Boad of Ballard (Seattle), Wash., Lodge's Crippled Kiddies Committee and Secretary A. G. McLaughlin of the lodge present to the Children's Orthopedic Hospital Annex staff the lodge's gift of a 16 mm. sound motion picture machine, to add to the patients' pleasure.



Left: One of Crookston, Minn., Lodge's 26 basketball backboards gets its first ball from the young brother of the late Willis Eide, the Elk principally responsible for the installation of the boards for the youth of the city. Left to right: Everett Eide, Roy Lindell, Patrick Turner, G. W. Gumlia, Mayor M. O. Oppegaard and Exalted Ruler Walter E. Olson of the lodge.



NEWS OF LODGES

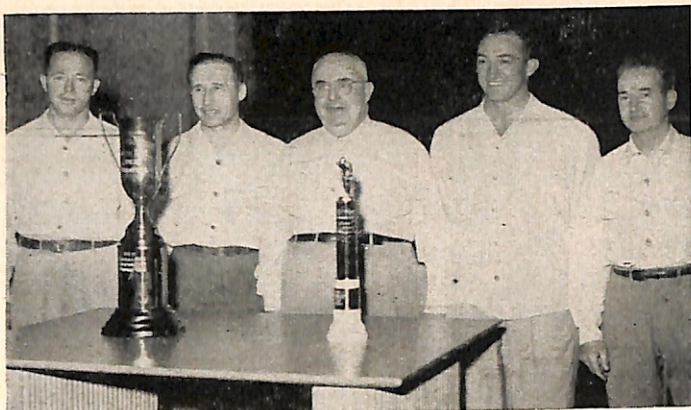


Above: The officers of Lordsburg, N. M., Lodge and the class of candidates they initiated recently in honor of Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph B. Kyle. D.D. Robert E. Boney is seated center.

Above: Dignitaries on hand for the quarterly meeting of the Ga. Elks Assn. at Macon, left to right: Savannah Lodge's Secy. E. E. Wright and E.R. Robert E. Falligant; D.D. M. E. Braswell; Macon Lodge's E.R. J. Campbell Jones; Grand Chaplain Rev. Fr. James E. King; Past Grand Exalted Ruler John S. McClelland; Lodge Activities Committeeman E. A. Dutton; Past Pres. R. M. McDuffie and P.D.D. H. C. Eberhardt.



Right: San Bernardino, Big Bear Lake, Redlands, Riverside, Ontario, Orange, Hemet, Anaheim, Santa Ana, Laguna Beach and Newport Harbor, Calif., Lodges present a 16-inch television set to Patton State Hospital's tubercular ward for the entertainment of the thirty G.I. and 130 other patients convalescing there.



These Berkeley, Calif., Elk bowlers won the team championship in the Calif. Elks Assn. Tourney. They also are 1949 and 1950 team champion for the No. Calif. Elks Bowling Assn. Left to right: John Loustalet, Elmer Westphal, Capt. Carl Hughes, Gerry Conlee, Thomas Kane.



A United States Bond Drive Award goes to West Warwick, R. I., Lodge, \$20,600 Bond subscriber. Left to right: Ralph P. Cinquegrana, Committee Chairman Thomas J. Durand, State Bond Drive Director Joseph Lombardo J. William Millette, Sr., and Benjamin S. Mitchell.

● **TYLER, TEX.**, Lodge, No. 215, went all out recently for the first meeting in its handsome new \$350,000 home. The last word in modern architecture, the building is a spacious three-story edifice, erected on a foundation capable of standing an additional four floors, proving the foresight of these Elks. On hand for the festivities and to witness the initiation of a class of 36 new members were Past Presidents John D. Carter and Floyd B. Ford, D.D. W. R. Beaumier and a delegation of 20 Lufkin Elks. Glowing tribute was paid to Past Pres. J. A. Bergfeld, instrumental in reorganizing Tyler Lodge and personal donor of the furniture for the second-floor lobby and the drapes for the entire building which was opened to the public a few days later and officially dedicated on Sept. 30th.

● **PARIS, TENN.**, Lodge, No. 816, is well pleased with its plunge into sports recently. The football game it sponsored between the Memphis State and Murray State teams proved highly beneficial to Grove High School, the Paris School Band and the town's downtown merchants.

The Grove Athletic Assn. received \$595.80, representing 10 per cent of gate receipts; the school made \$61.95 from the parking concession, \$100 from the hot dogs sold and \$144 from the cold drink stands; the band received \$112.85 from the sale of programs, and the merchants reported unusually heavy patronage after the game.

As far as the Elks are concerned, they were extremely happy at the success of this venture, one of their many efforts in the direction of providing wholesome entertainment.

● **ABERDEEN, WASH.**, Lodge, No. 593, celebrated its Golden Jubilee a short time ago with a three-day program that boasted a great many highlights, thanks to the capable handling of P.D.D. M. B. Lytle and his committee.

The first evening was devoted to honoring the lodge's four living Charter Members, J. H. Fuller and Marc C. Sherwood

who were present, and W. S. McLaughlin and Chas. H. Rychard who were unable to attend. E.R. Henry E. Loman and the lodge's Band and Drill Team welcomed the many distinguished guests who included the following outstanding speakers: Past Grand Exalted Ruler Emmett T. Anderson, Congressman Russell V. Mack, P.D.D., Edwin J. Alexander, a member of the Activities Committee of the Grand Lodge, Grand Inner Guard L. John Nelson, Grand Lodge Credentials Committeeman Herbert L. Odlund, D.D. George Warren and State Assn. Pres. Eugene Metzger, Treas. Adolph L. Norin and Trustee J. W. Barkley.

The following evening was devoted to good fellowship, with a full-course turkey dinner and an excellent vaudeville show thoroughly enjoyed by over 1,000 members. The final evening featured Ladies Night with a floor show and Grand Ball.

AMENDMENT TO THE GRAND LODGE CONSTITUTION

The following amendment to Section 6 of Article III of the Constitution as approved by the 86th Session of the Grand Lodge of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks of the United States of America was submitted to all lodges for adoption or rejection.

The vote on this amendment as tabulated to date shows the amendment to have been adopted.

Therefore I declare that such amendment having received a majority of the votes cast by the subordinate lodges has been adopted and is promulgated as a part of the Constitution as follows:

Section 6 of Article III of the Constitution of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks: The Grand Lodge shall meet annually in regular session. The Grand Exalted Ruler, with the approval of the Board of Grand Trustees, shall fix the time and place of holding the regular sessions. The Grand Exalted Ruler may convene the Grand Lodge in special session as provided by Statute.

JOSEPH B. KYLE
GRAND EXALTED RULER

● **CROOKSTON, MINN.**, Lodge, No. 342, and a member who completed a fine civic project for the lodge a few days prior to his death in an automobile accident, have received tribute in the Congressional Record through an entry made by U. S. Representative Harold C. Hagen, a member of the lodge for many years.

The tribute lauded the magnificent work accomplished by the late Willis Eide, the city's No. 1 sports promoter, and top roofer for the home teams.

For many weeks he had worked on his most outstanding sports promotion job. Assisted by fellow members and sponsored by No. 342, Mr. Eide planned and built 26 basketball backboards to be used by boys of the community. A few days after his death, approximately 350 persons gathered to dedicate the backboards that bore the notation—"Willis Eide Memorial". Two young men in basketball uniforms led the parade from the lodge home to the courts where the work of the young men's benefactor was extolled by civic leaders, including Mayor M. O. Opegaard. The spike holding the dedicated board was driven by E.R. Walter Olson. This appropriate memorial to an unselfish Elk was climaxed when his young brother, Everett Eide, tossed the first ball into the new basket, and his Brother Elk, Representative Hagen, entered his tribute to a true American in the official proceedings of the United States Congress.

● **STATESVILLE, N. C.**, Lodge, No. 1823, is now an active branch of the Order, having been instituted at ceremonies led by P.D.D. C. V. DeVault in the presence of Past Grand Est. Loyal Knight B. A. Whitmire of the Grand Lodge Youth Activities Committee, who delivered a brief, but important, talk.

The ceremonies found each lodge station occupied by Past Exalted Rulers and three former District Deputies who gave a splendid exemplification of the Ritual.

Oscar R. Mills heads this lodge, which began its career with 65 new members who were initiated by the State Championship Team from Salisbury Lodge.

GRAND LODGE YOUTH ACTIVITIES COMMITTEE ANNOUNCEMENT

The Grand Lodge Youth Activities Committee has communicated with all lodges relative to the outstanding National Youth Program of the Order.

By proclamation of Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph B. Kyle, March 24th, 1951, will be designated as "Elks National Youth Day". All lodges are urged to arrange suitable ceremonies with public officials, Elks and young people participating in the exercises.

Appoint your committee at once, and send the Grand Lodge Youth Activities Committee the name and address of the Chairman.

This Committee is again conducting a nationwide contest among boys and girls, to select the outstanding youth leaders of our country. This is not a scholarship contest and is not connected with the "Most Valuable Student" competition sponsored by the Elks National Foundation. It is a competition for youngsters of unusual and outstanding leadership ability, not necessarily scholarship ability. Funds in the amount of \$3,500 have been made available by the National Foundation to the Youth Activities Committee, to be distributed in U. S. Savings Bonds to the winners, in groups of both boys and girls, under the title of "Elks National Foundation Leadership Awards", as follows: 1st prize: \$300 (\$400 in Bonds); 2nd, \$225 (\$300 in Bonds); 3rd, \$150 (\$200 in Bonds). Another \$2,100—14 \$100 Bonds—will be awarded to boys, and 14 to girls, worthy of honorable mention. Each lodge and State Association is urged to make further awards to encourage young people to participate.

These awards should be presented to the local winners on Elks National Youth Day, rounding out the ceremonies every lodge is expected to hold. Under contest rules, the lodges will select their outstanding youth leaders, both boy and girl, within their jurisdiction, using official application forms distributed by the Grand Lodge Committee. Winning applications will then be sent to the State Association for each lodge; the Associations will then select the outstanding boy and girl leader in each State and forward their applications to the Grand Lodge Youth Activities Committee. These will be judged by a committee of nationally known persons dedicated to the development and progress of American youth.

The Committee urges each lodge to keep a record of all its youth activities and forward a complete report on them to the Committee by May 15th, 1951. Awards will be made again this year to lodges sponsoring outstanding youth projects.

**GRAND LODGE YOUTH
ACTIVITIES COMMITTEE**
John F. Scileppi, Chairman.



These Boy Scouts, sponsored by Allegheny, Pa., Lodge hold their new Charter. Standing: Left, Inner Guard Albert Zenotti, Scoutmaster; center, Exalted Ruler A. P. Simon; right, Patrick Burns.



At Frankfort, Ky., Lodge's Golden Anniversary, left to right: Charter Members B. R. Bacon and D. P. Davis; P.E.R. Alfred Hubbard; Baseball Commissioner A. B. "Happy" Chandler, principal speaker; Chaplain W. A. Conway; Past Exalted Ruler Leslie W. Morris and Secretary H. W. Gantley.



E.R. R. H. Talbott, Jr., presents Elkins, W. Va., Lodge's \$5,000 check to Dr. R. B. Purdum, President of Davis and Elkins College, for the school's gymnasium and physical education building fund.

The Elks and Cerebral Palsy

(Continued from page 13)

The State Associations themselves have been extremely active in this endeavor for several years. The Kansas Association contributes generously to the Institute of Logopedics mentioned earlier, and the Ohio Elks have been at work on this problem for over ten years. Necessarily curtailed by the war, the cerebral palsy activities of the Ohio Association have been resumed under a special committee of which Past Grand Exalted Ruler Dr. Edward J. McCormick is Honorary Chairman. Last year the Committee reported at the State Convention that the Ohio Spastic Paralysis Program, under the Elks Association's auspices, had produced a color film on the treatment and care of spastic patients, and that the film would be shown, through Elk sponsorship, at various clubs, schools, etc. At the 1950 meeting the Cerebral Palsy Committee reported that plans were well under way for the establishment of the first of several treatment centers the Association is organizing at strategic points throughout Ohio. This project has been given top priority, and definite plans are being made for the financing of the program on a long-range basis. The Connecticut Elks Assn. is another state group which has been growing increasingly active in this work. "Aidmore," the Children's Convalescent Hospital maintained by the Georgia Elks, has an elaborate Physical Medicine Department where the cerebral palsy patients are trained. The State's Cerebral Palsy Society, a group of these children's parents, was conceived at "Aidmore" and financed by the Elks during its formative period.

Another heartwarming story of Elk generosity comes from Colorado. Anxious to give concrete assistance to cerebral palsy victims, the Colorado Elks Association made a \$15,000 contribution to St. Francis Hospital to inaugurate a cerebral palsy clinic there. The donation put the clinic into operation, but it is an expensive proposition: costs run from \$1,000 to \$1,200 monthly. Therefore, Chairman John Godec, Jr., President of the Cerebral Palsy Society sponsoring the clinic, a P.E.R. of Colorado Springs Lodge, has instituted a campaign to increase the amount of donations.

Not completely satisfied with this part of their program, the Colorado Elks looked around for something more to do in the way of assisting exceptional children to become useful citizens. Learning of the efforts of Joseph Calabrese, the father of two of these unfortunate youngsters, to maintain a school he had founded to care for and train his children and others, the Association appointed a committee to investigate the institution. Finding it in excellent order, but inadequate, the Committee decided to purchase a large school building, and instituted a campaign with the appealing slogan—

"Invest in a Handicapped Child". The Elks did; the building was purchased at a cost of \$25,000, and the lodges are now contributing \$15,000 to remodel and refurnish it. It is called Elks Laradon Hall; Mr. Godec is Chairman of the Colorado Elks Committee in charge of it, and Mr. Calabrese, a member of the Order, who put his entire life savings of \$10,000 into the establishment of the school two years ago, is President of the Elks Laradon Hall Society.

Cerebral palsy results from an injury to the brain before or during birth. This injury cannot be "cured". Until a few years ago, it was generally thought that the intellect of a cerebral palsied child was affected. This is not true. It has been found that while some have impaired reasoning powers—perhaps one-third of these victims cannot be educated in the accepted sense of the term—of the other two-thirds, some may be slightly retarded mentally, others are completely normal and, occasionally, a few may have superior intelligence. The injury results in the child's inability to telegraph messages from his brain to his muscles; naturally, he cannot control his motions. As far as the "typing" of the affliction is concerned, there is the "spastic", the largest group, suffering from spasms of stiffness and hyperactivity caused by the fact that certain muscles contract under tension. Then there is the "athetoid" whose muscles are normal but they make involuntary, purposeless movements; this sufferer cannot direct his extremities, lips, tongue or trunk as he desires, nor can he cease movements he does not desire. The third group is made up of those suffering from one, or a combination, of several neurological traits.

It must be remembered that in many cases where a child has been crippled by a disease such as polio, the treatment of the muscles, the teaching of muscular control, is comparatively easy because the child *knew how to walk, and talk, before he became crippled*. The training of a child crippled from birth, however, is unbelievably difficult. He cannot cooperate with his therapist because he has no knowledge of what to do to follow instructions, having had no previous experience in controlling his muscles.

There are nearly 200,000 children in this country suffering from cerebral palsy; in our population above the age of six, four persons in every thousand—or more than 500,000—are afflicted. Thousands of them cannot walk, cannot talk, cannot even stand up by themselves. They must be strapped to a wall in order to learn to stand; they must be painstakingly taught, step by step, over and over again, to use their muscles just to pick up a ball, or a book; some must even be taught how to breathe correctly, how to focus their eyes. Past Grand Exalted

Ruler Robert South Barrett painted a vivid word picture of the tragedy of cerebral palsy in his address to the Grand Lodge Convention in Miami this year. In moving terms, he told a story of a family this disaster has visited; the heartbreak of the parents of the little victim, not only because of the horror of the affliction itself, but because of their inability to find help for him. His eloquence brought home to the members of the Grand Lodge the fact that even greater effort should be put forth to alleviate the suffering of these unfortunates; unquestionably, much of the Order's increased activity in this project can be traced to Dr. Barrett's appeal.

There are only enough trained therapists today to take care of 2,500 of these half-million sufferers. The teaching of a cerebral palsied child is a long, intricate, expensive process and can only be effected by a trained specialist. In its history-making contribution of \$25,000 for the granting of Fellowships for students interested in taking the involved courses necessary to become a cerebral palsy doctor, therapist or nurse, the Elks National Foundation has recognized the basic need in the program to help these youngsters. This donation, to be distributed by the Foundation with the assistance of the United Cerebral Palsy Assns., Inc., will have a far-reaching effect on the success of the entire project: where the Elks lodges and State Associations are supplying much-needed money, equipment and schools, these cannot be used effectively without specially trained personnel. Not only did the Foundation make this contribution; it further plans that aid will be given from its treasury to augment the cerebral palsy programs of the various State Associations which have definite projects under way. The first \$1,000 gift, to be repeated annually, has been presented to the Colorado Elks for Laradon Hall.

Following the Grand Lodge Convention, the California State Elks Association held its annual meeting, during which the delegates voted to assess each member \$1.00 to aid these children. Dr. Barrett stimulated this action with his own very generous contribution to the California program. The New Mexico Elks, meeting in Sante Fe, whose report appears elsewhere in this issue, are planning to erect a center on the \$25,000 property offered by Hobbs Lodge.

Yes, the Elks as a group of real Americans have always been ready to help in any such situation, particularly where education of the public and awakening of interest in the problem are necessary.

It is hoped that, eventually, every victim will at least be given a *chance* to "live", instead of merely "existing". The Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks has dedicated itself to this end.



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NEWS OF EASTERN LODGES



Pottstown, Pa., Lodge is proud of these boys, winners of the Knee-Hi softball crown. At top are, left to right: Coach Woodrow Bushey, E.R. O. Donald Dunkle, Manager Lewis Borgiet and Coach Leonard E. Harp.



Dr. Louis Hubner, District Deputy for N. J. Northeast, seated fourth from left with other Elk dignitaries, is honored at a reception at the home of P.D.D. Harry H. Smith in Englewood, N. J. At Dr. Hubner's left is Grand Treasurer William J. Jernick.



Peter J. Terry receives the \$300 Grand Lodge Youth Activities Committee Leadership Award for New England, at ceremonies held at Medford, Mass., Lodge. Others pictured include E.R. Martin P. Doyle, Jr., Chairman George Steele of the Mass. State Elks Youth Activities Committee, Grand Lodge Youth Activities Committeeman Edward A. Spry, Est. Loyal Knight Henry D. Hormel and the young scholar's parents.



Here is part of the crowd of swimmers on hand for the opening of the Bradfield Community Center swimming pool. Built by Lima, Ohio, Lodge at a cost of \$20,000, the pool is a gift to the city's colored residents.

ELKS ON QUIZ KIDS PROGRAM DECEMBER 17

THE Quiz Kids—those remarkable youngsters who have stumped their elders with entertaining regularity for uncounted Sunday afternoons—have challenged the Elks.

Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph B. Kyle accepted the challenge on behalf of the Order and will head a panel of five distinguished Elks who will meet the Quiz Kids in a battle of wits over the National Broadcasting Company network at 2:30 p.m. CST, Sunday, December 17. The program will originate from the NBC studios in Chicago. Participating for the Elks will be Past Grand Exalted Rulers Floyd E. Thompson of Chicago, Edward J. McCormick of Toledo, E. Mark Sullivan of Boston and Charles E. Broughton of Sheboygan, Wis.

Quiz Master Joe Kelly, who knows all the answers because he has them on his card, suggested that the Elk team brush up on their Shakespeare and algebra, and also on facts in their own special fields, promising to have plenty of tough questions to toss their way.

If the Elks answer more questions than the Quiz Kids, it will be unusual but not the first time. The young experts have



JOE KELLY AND MELVIN MILES

triumphed over such illustrious groups of adults as United States Senators, Supreme Court judges, scientists and college professors. Early this year, however, five Northwestern University professors turned the tables on the kids.

Here's the probable lineup for the Quiz Kids: Joel Kupperman, 14; Naomi Cooks, 12; Pat Conlon, 13; Harvey Dytych, 7; Melvin Miles, 7.

Headlines and Headaches

(Continued from page 5)

years ago. Since the advent of full-scale television the sales value of the combined radio-video rights has trebled.

From the club owner's viewpoint this is wonderful. All the television industry has to do is to double the sale of television receivers every year and he, in turn, can double his charge to broadcasting companies for the rights to televise his games.

The rub is that the rocketing price may eventually force the television people to develop a radically new type of non-sports program, or to fall back upon "Joe's Other Grandmother" to fill those holes in their afternoon programs. You'd be surprised to learn how much soap "Joe's Other, Etc." has sold over the last twenty years—and without the benefit of having the customers see the box of soap get up, jig around and sing a lilting little tune, either.

No major league club will sign a radio or television contract for more than a year, which is just dandy with the television people. They, last of all, would be the ones who would want to be saddled with a ten-year baseball contract when some brainy kid, now working as an usher or clerk in some gas station, might very well come along with an idea any day that would wipe out baseball as a video attraction.

Rickey, who got a pretty good price

for the radio and television rights for the Dodgers home games when he was in Brooklyn, expressed most succinctly the owners' fears concerning television.

"Certainly it's a wonderful source of revenue, undreamt of by us ten years ago," he said, "but can we count on it? I'd say 'no'.

"I'd say that if the price gets too high these people will strike out and develop something new and something better. Don't forget you're dealing with people who have demonstrated they are resourceful enough to bring a living picture right into your home. Certainly they won't be stopped by the idea of having to develop a counter-attraction for baseball, if they find it necessary."

The 1950 World Series brought a record television fee of \$800,000. That's an all-time high and there was a lot of back-slapping and cigar-passing in the neighborhood of A. B. Chandler, baseball commissioner, in view of his tremendous "financial coup" in having two rivals bid the price up to close to a million.

Actually people in television have been laughing up their coaxial cables over the price. They think it was a steal.

They'll tell you in an unguarded moment that it would have cost the industry twice that amount to produce a show for network presentation for that period.

(Continued on page 43)

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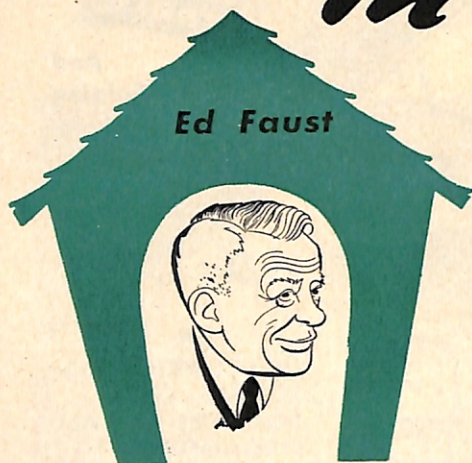
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Ed Faust

Ed reopens his file on true dog stories.



IF YOU'RE a regular reader of these screeds, you'll know that the writer's primary intention is to assist dog owners in their efforts to keep Fido comfortable, healthy and happy—in other words, to make this a service page. But once in a while it's good to change pace; at least, readers seem to think so, judging by the letters received, and this department gets more than its share of mail. I'm not counting the threatening letters Uncle Sam has been sending me lately, in which he's mighty disagreeable about income tax; nor do I count the chain letters that some ill-advised persons have sent. The latter aren't exactly threatening, but the inference is that if I don't pass them on I can expect a whole lot of hard luck. I invariably break the chain, mainly because I haven't any friends on whom I'd want to inflict this nuisance, nor are they so foolish as to do anything but consign such letters to the waste basket where they belong.

As for the good letters from dog owners I'm fortunate enough to receive, some contain clippings from local papers and other information giving odd and interesting facts about dogs—real dogs, real stories, all authenticated. Of course they're welcome additions to my files and, besides, occasionally they furnish material for an article. Earlier this year this department was given over to a number of such items. It afforded the above-mentioned change of pace and, as some who read this page seemed to like it, let's take a look at some more.

This comes from California and it concerns Taffy, a cocker spaniel of that color. His owner fell asleep one night not long ago, leaving a bottle of pills on his bed table. Came the dawn, and he found the bottle on the floor and the pills scattered. Of the number left in the bottle, ten were missing. Taffy had eaten them. Nothing happened other than Taffy's seeming extra frisky, but his boss was taking no chances. Calling his vet, he explained the mishap, adding

that these were thyroid pills. The vet took it calmly. "Nothing to worry about," he said, "but keep an eye on your cocker; he may grow into a St. Bernard."

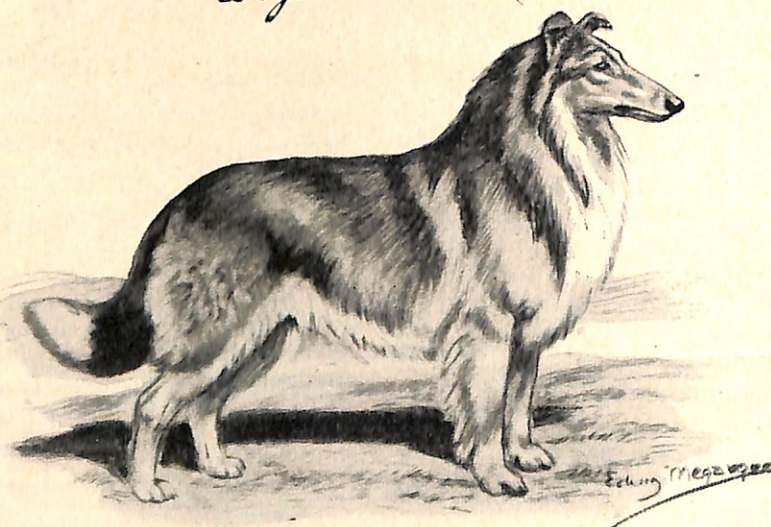
Here's a customer for the praiseworthy Salvation Army. He's an English setter and, if there could be such a thing, a true doughnuthound. In the three years Robbin, the setter, has been panhandling Jack Follis' luncheonette at Pound Ridge, N. Y., the restaurant owner estimates the pooch has eaten more than 6,000 doughnuts—sinkers in my circles—worth about \$300. That is, \$300 if Robbin carried his own pocketbook. It's further reported that several families want to adopt the dog—why is anybody's guess. Robbin's regular too; he comes for his doughnuts every morning exactly at nine.

A dog the neighbors would love. Lady is her name, but she's no lady in my book. In some way she learned how to blow an automobile horn and when she goes car-riding with her master, a deputy sheriff, she won't be kept waiting long when he has to leave the car. She just leans on the horn and keeps it blowing until he returns. We're assured that she wasn't taught this as a trick. She has summoned her owner from all kinds of places and not long ago gave him no more than five minutes to attend a funeral.

There's something funny in this, and yet it may give certain Civic Fathers an idea. It happened in Pittsburgh. A resourceful owner of a pony-sized St. Bernard chained his dog to a parking meter while on business elsewhere. Came

(Continued on page 46)

Dogs on Parade



Meet the Collie

Scotland has produced some notable breeds but none more lordly, more striking than this breed, true gentlemen and aristocrats among dogs. One of the most intelligent of all breeds, whose services to this day are indispensable to herds-men in Scotland and elsewhere. A deservedly popular dog, ranging from 22 to 24 inches at the shoulder and weighing from 50 to 60 pounds. Among breeders, expression is considered all-important and is best described as

"alert awareness". A rugged dog, fine guardian and companion. Color not too important, although richness of markings count; generally black and tan with white. Neck frill full, ears three-quarters erect. Coat—outer, harsh; inner, soft and dense, profuse on tail and hips, forelegs slightly feathered, hindlegs smooth below hocks. An ancient breed, origin obscured in past. Fourth of our "Dogs on Parade" series, illustrated by Edwin Megargee.

(Continued from page 41)

"Then," they point out, "any other kind of a show we could have thought up wouldn't have attracted half the televising audience that the World Series did."

"The 'bugs' we ironed out in our network operation during the 1950 World Series was worth goodness knows how much to our engineering departments," they conclude. The next question is whether there are any more "bugs" worth several million dollars to television still to be eliminated.

There is one other item in the radio-video picture which keeps the magnates from sleeping too well. It is the fact that as television's impact becomes greater, radio's must dwindle. Just as ball clubs threw in video rights for nothing to go along with the radio rights four or five years ago, so video will be the No. 1 item soon, with radio just a throw-in.

Then it will be a matter of all-or-nothing for baseball in the event of a show-down. Kick out television five or six years hence after it has been shown conclusively that it has hurt the gate grievously? Fine, but remember, there'll be no radio rights to sell because radio will be altered drastically from what we know today.

There are two other revenue-producing items on our ledger, attendance and concessions. Most baseball operators figure on a dollar of income for every home admission, give or take a few cents either way. They've taken care of the "pass pest" pretty much by socking him with a 50-cent "service charge" on a general admission pass which also has a 25-cent tax. The pest, therefore, saves only 50 cents on a general admission ticket, which hardly makes it worth his while to go through the nuisance of getting a pass. The owners square this with their consciences by admitting hordes of knot-holders and other kid groups on "light" days.

Home attendance has its direct effect upon revenue from concessions. It's obvious that the more people there are in your ball park the greater number of pains there will be from that unholy three-way alliance of the hot dog, the bag of peanuts and the bottle of pop, all gulped in lieu of either lunch or supper to the merry ring of the concession cash registers.

People like the Stevens brothers of New York and the Jacobs boys up in Buffalo, the two largest sports concessions operators in the country, are understandably tight-lipped about the breakdown of their concession dollar. It is a well-known fact, however, that revenue from this source has hauled a good many ball clubs away from the brink of insolvency from time to time.

The knowledge and baseball know-how concessions operators enjoy usually is equal to, and sometimes exceeds, that of the people who own the parks. It has to. Frequently they are called upon by the owners for a quick touch against next

season's profits, and the amount isn't taxi fare, either.

The danger of steady, year-after-year revenue from concessions is that a club, after a particularly good period at both the gate and in the wining and dining departments, is liable to get some hungry ideas of its own. "How long has this been going on?" they'll ask. "Why should we be getting only ten per cent or 20 per cent? Let's kick those guys out, run the concessions ourselves, and keep the whole pot!"

This is excellent reasoning, providing you come from a long line of restaurateurs. However, most baseball executives have had experience only in consuming, not preparing food—and not the kind of food consumed in ball parks, either.

Going along with this "whole pot" idea, they boot the concession people out of the park, then wake up one morning to find they've taken with them every pot, pan and corn popper in the joint. It's fair enough; the equipment belonged to the concessionaires.

In Boston, when the Braves took over to institute an unique line of such delicacies as hot pastrami sandwiches, baked beans and fried clams, they discovered that even the kitchen sinks belonged to the Stevens boys. About all the equipment they had to start with were the seats and the third-base foul line.

"Concessions are your margin," declared a hard-headed baseball executive during the November draft meeting in Cincinnati. "If you depend on anything else you're crazy. Television is strictly a year-to-year proposition and your attendance depends on what your ball club does during the first half of the season."

Having disposed of the brighter side of the ledger it might well behoove the neophyte to turn his glance toward the outgoing revenue department, or the "Where-is-all-the-money-going?" department. It really goes, too.

Some of the expenses are good for a chuckle, others are good for a real laugh, but there's nothing humorous about the biggest expense item of all—player salaries. There are some ball players who get more money than the president of the United States but, strangely enough, they are not the ones whose salaries hurt you. A DiMaggio, a Williams, a Kiner, a Robinson or a Musial, to name some of the big-money players, will earn back their salaries, and more, at your gate.

The fellows who earn between five and ten thousand a year won't hurt you, either; it still takes ten tens to make a hundred. It is those fellows with salaries between ten and 20 thousand who run up that tab and whose value to the major-league club isn't ever quite defined.

You might be giving a pitcher \$20,000 on the basis of a great previous year, only to have him come up with a record something like three victories and a dozen defeats. And the beauty of this situation is that, under the rules, you can't cut his salary more than 25 per cent for the

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next year. You have an alternative; just release him and you don't have to pay him a nickel. All right, release him and the club down the road signs him and he wins 20 games the next year, knocking out your brains in the process. It's happened before and it will happen again.

Nervous indigestion is a year-round occupational hazard for the ball club owner, but that's because baseball is a year-round proposition. There's the season that starts late in April and finishes the first weekend in October. Then comes the World Series. If you're in it your ulcers get a good workout. If you're not they get a workout anyway because you aren't.

Then there's the mental gymnastics and tug-of-war antics in post-season trading and fence-mending. Then comes the draft of players from the minor leagues. If you make a mistake here it costs ten thousand dollars per mistake. Sometimes the biggest mistake is your reluctance to chance a mistake. Hack Wilson, the immortal slugger, was a drafted player.

Then there are the winter meetings where, of necessity, you smoke too much, eat too much, talk too much and sleep too little. You sit around all through the meetings gnawing at your nails because someone refuses to give up his three best pitchers for that outfielder you're going to send down to the Texas League. Finally, on the last day, just as you're racing for a train, you consummate a six-player deal involving a throw-in of \$250,000.

That'll keep you well supplied with worrying material until January 15th, when you start sending out your player contracts. The answers you receive put you back on milk and crackers just when you're about ready to try your first steak since the end of the season. Then there are a number of press conferences in February, at which the boys consume your

cigars in ungodly fashion—and then it's time for spring training.

Spring training can be as elaborate or as Spartan-like as your tastes or those of your stockholders dictate. The Dodgers have operated a quarter-of-a-million-dollar production line for the past three seasons at Vero Beach, Fla., and about all that's come out of it have been some corny jokes about pitching machines and some terrific whiskey tabs run up by visiting men-of-letters. It might be well to remember that during World War II the stay-at-homes did their spring training within an hour or two of home, yet somehow managed to stagger out there on opening day and play through 154 regular-season games. It might also be remembered that some of the greatest stars the game has known needed nothing more to get in shape after a questionable winter than a shave and a hot towel.

Spring training is the segment of the season that produces the greatest number of headaches for the management, and also the greatest number of laughs. Usually the management doesn't laugh over the March-April didoes until July and August. It fails to see the inherent humor until that time.

Along with the usual one or two weird lawsuits of the players built up over the winter will come such items as a bill for a puppy purchased by one of your players while the train stopped to drop a brakeman at Yemassee, Georgia, on the way South. All have to be handled and disposition made.

Sometimes you'll have a player drive to camp in a brand new car, bearing a lot of chrome trimming and a rather shaky down payment. A week later that player will sell the car, use part of the proceeds as a down payment on another car, and pocket the rest. Naturally, he'll expect you to deal with the slightly irate

company which financed his first car.

During the regular season the ball clubs patronize a regular group of hotels around the circuit. They rarely change, and after a while the suffering inn-keepers get to know the teams, the personnel and the foibles of practically everyone. They separate the bed-smokers from the non-bed-smokers and take precautions accordingly.

In spring training it's a bit different. Most of the stops on the exhibition tour after camp breaks are "one-shot" affairs. A ball club comes in and there's a lot of understandable confusion—like when some players, attempting to evade the curfew, use the fire escapes instead of the elevators and wind up in the wrong rooms.

Sometimes a club can make a little money on a good spring training itinerary, but lots of times it winds up in the red before the season opens. A club will go through one particular section one year and need an extra suitcase to cart off the exhibition-game gold. Then, next year, with a championship club, it won't draw flies.

Once in a while a club will get some grandiose ideas and decide to give the fans off the U.S. mainland a thrill. It'll get to some place like Cuba, Panama, Hawaii, the Dominican Republic or some Venezuelan way-station where the happy natives will shower it with adulation, local flora and lots of red ink in the form of non-attendance at the games.

The red-ink accrued in this aspect of your operation is nothing compared to the possible bath you might take in it if you bite into a half-dozen bonus lemons. Prices of most things have doubled in the past decade but bonuses to your players have operated under a financial law all their own. The record price paid a boy to sign was the \$100,000 the Pittsburgh Pirates paid Paul Pettit, a Lomita, Calif., schoolboy, last winter. A piece of that price went to some Hollywood agent who wouldn't know whether a baseball is glued or tacked together.

A howl went up when a number of other clubs reported they had been advised any competitive bidding would be useless. This howling, however, subsided to a mutter and finally died away altogether in view of Pettit's subsequent performance with the New Orleans farm club of the Pirates.

Pettit couldn't win in the Southern Association's Double-A competition and now must be brought up this spring to the big club, totally unprepared. It might well be pointed out that the \$100,000 bonus paid to that one kid constituted one-eleventh of Pittsburgh's entire revenue from home admissions during 1950. That's important money both to the club and for a kid who might not make it as a big-league pitcher.

Pittsburgh isn't the only club which has handed out large sums of bonus money to promising young men with unsatisfactory results. Every club in the

1950 PROFIT AND LOSS FIGURES OF A TYPICAL MAJOR LEAGUE BASEBALL CLUB *

Revenue

1,000,000 home attendance.....	\$1,000,000
1,000,000 road attendance (games away from home)....	200,000
Sale of Radio and Television rights.....	250,000
Sale or percentage of concessions.....	200,000
	\$1,650,000

Expenses

Players' salaries	\$ 350,000
Spring training	100,000
Manager's and coaches' salaries.....	75,000
Officers' and office salaries.....	100,000
Scout salaries and scouting expenses.....	200,000
Player bonuses	100,000
Minor Leagues operation.....	150,000
Maintenance and groundskeeping.....	150,000
Daily operating expenses.....	50,000
Promotion and advertising.....	100,000
Taxes	50,000
	\$1,425,000
INCOME	225,000

*(Round numbers are used for sake of simplicity)

ANNOTATED STATUTES READY FOR DISTRIBUTION

The committee on Judiciary, Earl James, Chairman, announces that the Annotated Statutes of the Order, which includes revised Opinions and Decisions combined in one book with the Grand Lodge Statutes, now is ready for distribution. This book replaces the Opinions and Decisions published in 1944, as well as the last edition of the Constitution and Statutes, and contains Opinions written since that date, in addition to a revision of contradictory Opinions and the elimination of those that are out-of-date. Cost of the book is \$3.00, plus postage. Lodges and Secretaries interested in obtaining copies should write to Grand Secretary J. E. Masters, Elks National Memorial Headquarters Building, 2750 Lake View Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

majors has been burned at least once. The Boston Braves have had five victories in three years out of Johnny Antonelli.

The Yankees paid Paul Hinrichs, a Concordia Seminary divinity student, close to \$50,000 and then gave up on him early in the 1950 season. Brooklyn carried a couple of bonus kids during 1950 and operated with what amounted to practically a 23-man staff. One, a first baseman, got to bat ten times as a pinch-hitter, and failed to get a hit. The other, a pitcher, worked a dozen innings in what amounted to about a \$2,000-an-inning performance if Brooklyn should decide to call it quits on him.

Philadelphia invested a million dollars in players, a good share of it going in bonuses, when Bob Carpenter took over the moribund Phillies' franchise shortly after the war. In this case it paid off, although there were some gorgeous chestnuts here, too. His two bonus pitchers,

Curt Simmons and Robin Roberts, were largely instrumental in bringing the Phillies their first National League pennant in 35 years.

But whether one man or ten men control the destiny of a ball club the man out in front must have brains sticking out all over him. He must meet and cope with administrative problems that would cause a titan in some other industry to install a new vice-president—one in charge of the aspirin tablets.

Most men in baseball today have demonstrated their thorough ability to turn a buck in a non-sports field. Men like Detroit's Walter Briggs, the New York Yankees' Del Webb, St. Louis's Fred Saigh, and Pittsburgh's John Galbreath, to name a few, had made their mark, and their not insignificant pile, before even coming into the game. They'd have continued to do eminently well if they have never even so much as glanced at the fine type in a standard baseball contract, as would executives of the caliber of George Weiss and Branch Rickey.

There used to be a time when a man could sink his roll into a ball club and sit back and enjoy his anguish and general discomfort without the benefit of noney on-lookers. That time is just about gone. The one-man club in the major leagues is on its way out. Of necessity, baseball today has become a partnership or multiple-ownership proposition.

At the last call-over there were only six clubs in the majors in which one man ran the show and figured out what to say to pointy-headed pitching holdouts and pointy-nosed bill collectors. That number will diminish steadily because, where a club could be picked up for a million or two a generation ago, talk of a sale now brings out those five-, eight- and ten-million-dollar discussions.

Not too many men have that kind of money nowadays. If they have, they don't care to risk it in baseball. They prefer something more substantial—like building a two-way railroad track to the moon.

OHIO ELKS HOLD INAUGURAL TRAPSHOOT

More than 300 shooters participated in the first Elks State Trapshooting Championship sponsored by the Ohio Elks Association. The shoot was held at Troy on September 9-10. Firing more than 30,000 shells during the two-day tournament, the shooters competed for \$1,000 worth of trophies placed in competition by Troy, Ohio, Lodge No. 833.

Nelson E. W. Stuart, President of the Ohio Elks, and Walter J. Beer, First Vice-President, were on hand to fire the first shot to get the shoot started.

Lima Lodge, No. 54, won major honors with its five-man team, scoring 438. The winning team was composed of Fred Pike, John Boose, Jim Kettering, G. B. Fisher and H. C. Fisher. The two-man championship went to John Boose and Jim Kettering, while the High-Over-All champion was Fred Pike, after a shoot-off with Bob

Beanblossom of Sidney Lodge.

It was announced at the shoot that George H. Cottrell, of Lakeview, Ohio, again had been appointed State Chairman for Trapshooting.

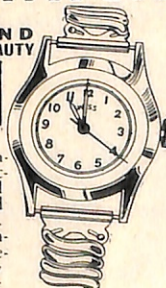
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A Guy and a Doll

(Continued from page 31)

when he came out. He could see a tired but liberated figure in a red suit walking down the street. He felt better and the girl's soft glance was on him. "Thanks, Denny," Martha Sweeney said. "Thanks for everything." The doll stood huge and foolish, like a backward but inoffensive sister. He noticed now that the cab had gone and Martha said, "I paid the driver."

"That wasn't a bad idea," he said. "I've got 85 cents, but whoever wanted to be rich?"

They walked together along the street. Aimlessly, it seemed to him, but very pleasantly. In the clear cold he could hear church chimes toll the nearness of midnight—the rich tones giving welcome to the great arriving day.

"Did you say you found \$240, Denny?"

"That's right. I found it. And the whole night long I've been trying to ped-

dle myself the idea that money belonged to me."

"It didn't, Denny?"

"I'm afraid not, and I think I knew it all the time. Just found out it was someone's Christmas bonus. Some guy with five kids has been calling up the station house every two minutes. Ah, well."

One of her arms was linked with his and she pressed his hand. He knew she was pleased with what he had done, and he supposed, in a way, that he was pleased, too.

"Which reminds me," she said. "Here's the money Mike owes you for the doll. Thirty-seven ninety-five. It's all here, wrapped together."

He held the money in one hand. The bells still tolled. Just ahead of them light poured from an old brick church, drenching in brightness the drab, shabby street. One old man stood straight and

still outside, a set of whiskers dangling from a pocket.

"Well, a guy can say 'Thanks,' can't he?" Santa Claus declared, but his eyes looked not at Dennis or the girl. The eyes were clearer than Dennis had seen them before. They looked straight ahead and the pale lips moved in prayer. From within they could hear the organ music and voices rising, rising—"Glory to the New-Born King!"

They stood a while and Martha said, "Well, He doesn't have to run for office and He's always on the job."

"Who's that?" said Dennis.

"The new-born King, of course."

Dennis pressed something into Santa's gloveless hand and they went up the steps of the church together. There would be breakfast in Brooklyn, Martha said. The church was filling rapidly, and he hoped there'd be room for the doll.

In the Doghouse

(Continued from page 42)

a traffic cop with his book of summonses as the purp was 'way overtime. What followed wasn't reported, so you can write your own ticket on the sequel.

Did you ever hear of a canine kleptomaniac? I owned, or was owned by, one—a Welsh terrier, my dog Imp of whom you may have read in these pages. Imp

was a wash-line crook. Until the neighbors became hardened to it he caused Mrs. Faust a lot of embarrassment. Among his swag, he brought home curtains, handkerchiefs and small rugs.

Joan Dobush, reporting in the New York Daily News, tells about weighing her dog on one of those fortune-telling scales not long ago. The card that came out read, "You have keen business ability and are able to talk your way out of any situation."

Upper Valley, Texas, reports a barnyard problem involving an old hen and the puzzled mother of 13 puppies. You guessed it. The feathered member of the cast has adopted the pups and they seem to like it. Mama dog has been frozen out at all times other than when the hen takes time to forage for her meals. What complicates things further is that the feathered lunatic tries to continue her egg-laying duties while mothering the four-legged youngsters. You wouldn't connect affection with a chicken, but they will do strange things. As a youngster I bred them and I know. In fact, it was a chicken's effort to please me that caused my resignation as a poultry raiser. I was developing a strain of chickens that would lay colored eggs and things looked rosy until my favorite hen died; she'd laid a plaid egg and I think the effort killed her.

There's such a thing as being too popular and Konrad van Wesdell's case helps prove it. Konrad is a ribbon-winning dachshund. He was first in a "Dog of Distinction" contest this year. It was a national event and brought the dog "thousands of dollars' worth of gifts". Then came March 15th, income tax day, and owner Thomas P. Wall, Jr., of Nashville, Tenn., an attorney, figured

Dogs on Parade

LETTER CONTEST WINNER

We received many fine letters in response to our "Dogs on Parade" letter contest in which Edwin Megargee's original drawing of an English setter, appearing in our October issue, was offered for the best letter on "Why I Like the English Setter". In the opinion of the contest judge, Ed Faust, our "In the Doghouse" column writer, the winning letter was written by Lawrence C. Cloe, Noblesville, Ind., Lodge. Here is Mr. Cloe's letter:

Have you heard the thump-thump of his tail on the rug before the fire, seen the appeal in his liquid brown eyes when you ordered him out at night? And, when you grabbed him by the collar to enforce your order, was the abruptness of your motion softened by the feel of his silky hair?

Have you seen your two-year-old fall from his back clutching a long ear as he fell? Did he stand with his head twisted in discomfort unwilling to jerk his ear from the toddler's grasp?

Have you seen him come galloping downwind toward a covey's roost and then, in the middle of a bound, catch the scent and alight in that stiff swap-ends point that left your mouth ajar?

Gentlemen, you've owned an English Setter!

that Konrad's winnings cost him close to \$770 in taxes. It is reported that Konrad was moved promptly into the doghouse.

Red, a beagle of Grove City, Pa., died not long ago—killed, it was thought, by Mike, another dog that had developed a mortal hatred for Red. Owner Walter McDowell carried Red to the orchard to bury him, but rain prevented. Returning to the task later, Mr. McDowell found Red interred beneath a mound of earth, with sticks and twigs heaped on top. Patsy, an old English sheep dog, another McDowell pet, is believed to have performed the task, since Patsy repeatedly returned to the grave to nose more earth on it. Patsy was the only canine friend Red had on the farm, but her owner isn't sure whether she buried Red through sorrow or the desire to keep the sight of the dead dog from her pups.

Chester Zieminski of Willow Village, Mich., owns the dog Sparky who responds to his own exclusive dinner bell. Mr. Zieminski rigged an alarm clock so that when the alarm rings, the key on the back of the clock winds a string which lifts the lid on Sparky's dinner pail. No more rushing home to feed Fido for that family—that is, until Sparky learns that he can nose up the lid himself. After that, well, that's another problem.

The Boston, Mass., *Post* claims that in one respect dogs seem to have the edge on humans—the matter of life expectancy. Life-prolonging drugs and technique have increased life expectancy for dogs nearly 40 per cent, while that for human beings has advanced only 20 per cent.

For the last half of this, you'll have to take the word of the Buffalo, N. Y., *News*. Judy is a cocker spaniel that

keeps a sharp eye on the mail deliveries, but maybe isn't so vigilant any more. Judy's Waterloo came the day she spotted an envelope as it was shoved under the front door. She pounced on it and promptly tore it to pieces. Did Judy care that it contained a \$363 life insurance dividend check? No, but owner Bruce Hanks did—violently, until he learned that the Veterans Administration would issue a duplicate. Mr. Hanks is reported to have said, "I can't understand how it happened because we'd trained Judy to chew only the regular monthly bills."

Las Vegas, Nev., harbors a man with a sense of humor. It's dogcatcher Bill Burke who has ordered the year's dog tags to be made in the form of little fire hydrants for males and hearts for the females. He's optimistic, too, in hoping such glamorizing will increase the sale of dog licenses.

We're indebted to Bill Brenneman, through the Denver, Colo., *Rocky Mountain News*, for this little story about Smokey, honorary member of Littleton VFW Post No. 4666. Smokey had served in the K-9 Corps, those doggy soldiers that rendered such valued service in World War II. Smokey died not long ago and when they laid him to rest in a little plot on the side of a hill there, in a small footlocker coffin, an honor guard presented arms while Skipper, his K-9 buddy, limping on the three legs with which he emerged from battle in Sicily, played the part of chief mourner. Smokey had been a faithful attendant at all the Post meetings and the men he knew loved him. Chaplain Paul Trujillo closed a short service for Smokey, saying, "Though he was but a dog, he served his country well." The guards' guns clicked; the only other sound was the muted whimpering of Skipper.

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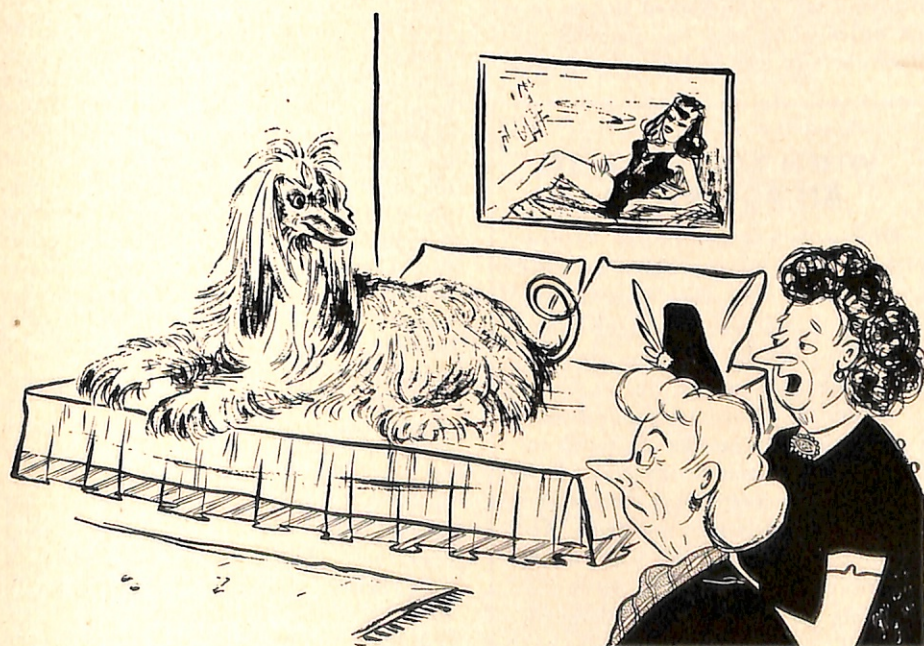
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"It isn't the kind of an Afghan I had in mind when I phoned my order, but they won't take him back."

Polling Can Help Your Business

(Continued from page 11)

both relatively expensive lines. Consequently one might think that a good sample for one kind of business would be a good sample for the other. Only a little reflection, however, is needed to show that this is not necessarily so, for almost without exception furniture purchasers are householders. On the other hand, jewelry purchasers often are not.

As you probably suspect, the size of the "sample" of people used in a survey is not nearly as important as the method used to select it. Generally, sample size is dictated by two things: the amount of different kinds of information you want to collect, and the extent to which the people you question are apt to resemble one another. Thus, if all you want to find out is how many males and how many females are in the population, almost any size sample will do the trick. Since virtually all market surveys require at least two or three breakdowns (e.g., sex, age and income level of respondents), it is rarely safe to rely on results of a sample of under 400 or 500 interviews. The point to keep in mind, again, is that the more that people in your area differ, the more interviews are required. In market research, as in anything else, there is no substitute for good judgment.

The method of taking the sample may throw it off even if it is selected from the right group. Take a filling station owner who wants to get certain information from his customers. Possibly he decides to question everyone who comes in on a certain day, but if he interviews his Sunday customers, he will get a far different group than he would by talking to his Wednesday customers, if only because many drivers use their cars solely on weekends. On the other hand, he may decide to interview every tenth customer throughout an entire week. On the surface this would seem to promise a good result, but there is one quirk in his application of the method: Every morning he lets the first nine customers go by and then interviews the tenth. It so happens that at his service station there are rarely more than a half-dozen customers during that first hour of operation. Quite obviously, these early risers are considerably different in some respects from his other customers, and he is missing them entirely. What he could do, therefore, would be to interview every tenth customer, continuing his count from day to day instead of starting it afresh each day. In this way he would come much closer to getting his desired representative sample.

Selecting the sample must be done with the purpose well in mind. If a merchant is interested in increasing business among his existing clientele, he need interview only his own customers. If, however, he wants to increase the clientele, his existing customers' opinions plainly are not

of as much value as those of people who do not buy from him. It is the non-buyers whom he wants to convert, and about whom he needs information.

I know of a case where the owner of a super-market in a middle-western city wanted to find out how to increase his business. Consequently he hired an interviewer to ask every tenth customer what he or she liked or disliked about the store. One thing he overlooked: Many of his customers were regulars coming in once a day six times a week. Others appeared perhaps only once a week. But, as the everyday customers were present six times as often as the once-a-week customers, they were interviewed six times as often and distorted the survey accordingly. Then the owner started pondering over the survey and consulted a professor of market research at a nearby university. The consultant confirmed the owner's doubts, with the result that the survey was done over. The second time, customers were asked, in addition to other questions, how many times a week they ordinarily came in. This information made it possible to evaluate the rest properly. It also furnished additional valuable information. By separating the regular from the occasional customers, it became apparent that the latter objected to the way that the meat department was run. They said they had to wait too long for service. But the regular customers did not make the same complaint. Customers wanting meat went to the meat department and waited for their turn and investigation showed that there was a natural, human tendency on the part of the butchers to serve the regular customers, whom they knew, sooner than the others. A system involving taking numbered tickets to set the order of service was installed. Actually, service was no faster, but by mak-

ing it apparent that everyone was being treated in the same way, the new system created a general feeling of satisfaction. An increase of business for the meat department and the store as a whole followed.

Yet similar comparison of interviews worked out surprisingly in another direction. The occasional customers complained that the bread was kept at the back of the store, *but* so did the regulars. The objection seemed to be that once in a while a customer came in for bread only and did not want to be obliged to go through the entire crowded store. The store owner was deeply concerned with this complaint, of course. The market research specialist whom he had called in pointed out, however, that since the complaint was not keeping the regular customers from giving steady, lucrative patronage to the store, it probably was not significant. Yet the change would not involve expense. He suggested that the store make the changes suggested by the survey one by one in order to judge their effect. The first change made was to shift the bread. As the market research man had predicted, there was practically no effect reflected in the business done by the store.

R EACHING the right people with your questions does not necessarily insure trustworthy information. Not long ago a survey of newspaper readership was made in a certain city. Considerable care was observed in selecting a representative sample of the population who were asked, "What newspaper do you usually buy?" When the results were tabulated and applied to the city as a whole, the answer they provided was startling. According to the survey, more copies of the *Post* and the *Sun* were being bought than actually were being printed. On the other hand, purchases of the *News* and *Globe* appeared lower than the certified sales figures. The trouble lay in the way that the question had been phrased. The people thought it gave them more prestige to read the first two papers than the other two. Consequently, even if they actually bought and read the *News* and *Globe*, many of them denied it. Similar surveys, however, are carried out successfully by phrasing the question differently. People who are asked, "What paper did you *happen* to read yesterday?" are more likely to answer truthfully, or perhaps lie just a little saying, "Well, it just happened today that my newsstand was out of everything but the *Gyroscope*, so I read that." Sales figures obtained this way usually check quite closely with actual certified circulations.

Much thought must be given to the phrasing of questions. A wrongly phrased question often brings a flat

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refusal to answer or a downright lie. But the right question will yield the information you want. If you ask people how much money they make, the answers will be few and unreliable. But if you ask them their occupations, answers will be willing. And the pay for each occupation usually lies within a definite known range.

Even when people try to answer questions truthfully, answers may be deceptive. I had an experience with this a few years ago. An oil company had decided that it would like to have a distinctive color for its service stations. A commercial designer was hired to work out a new color scheme which would be different from that used by any other gas-station chain. When he came up with a peculiar grayish-green, company officers looked at it a bit dubiously. However, it was distinctive, so they decided to test it out in New Jersey. Their salesmen were sent around to all dealers to ask them whether they would like their stations painted with the color. The overwhelming answer was yes, and the New Jersey stations were painted. But company officials still were doubtful; in fact, even more so after they saw the results. The stations were distinctive, all right. The color was different from that of other stations. For that matter it was not like anything else on earth. I was asked to make a check. I discovered that, sure, the dealers had wanted their stations painted that color. It was towards the end of the war and most of them hadn't been able to get paint of any color. That paint was better than none.

Answers to simple questions may easily be misinterpreted. If the furniture dealer we mentioned before had no line of garden furniture and was considering adding one, he might conceivably make a survey asking his customers whether they preferred (a) steel lawn furniture, (b) plain wicker, (c) fancy wicker. The answers might come out that 40 per cent preferred steel, 35 plain wicker, and 25 fancy wicker. Accordingly, he might decide to put in a line of steel garden furniture because it seemed most popular. But he would be wrong, for actually the apparent majority was the minority. The true majority preferred wicker furniture, 60 to 40, but naturally split their favor between two kinds of wicker when given the opportunity.

Direct interviewing in the home or office is the most expensive method of market research. However, there are other and less costly tools available. To get information from existing customers there is the interview in the store, and this often can be obtained by employees already on the payroll. Another device often used is to ask customers to fill out answer sheets. But the most popular and useful polling device is the United States Post Office, at the service of everyone. Interviews can be obtained through the mails at reduced rates.

Some of these methods require pre-

cautions, however. If five per cent of the queries sent out in a mail survey bring replies, the immediate results are not necessarily reliable. From the mere fact that they did answer it is evident that those who did were different to some extent from those who did not. Suppose that the main question on the questionnaire was, "Do you play golf?"—a useful question for a sporting goods store, by the way. Perhaps 60 per cent of those replying said yes. From this it is not safe to estimate that 60 per cent of the population (if the sample supposedly represented the population) played golf. A check should be made by direct interviewing among those who did not answer. For the purposes of the check a small, well-chosen sample would be enough, possibly only 50 people. If those 50 answered in the same way, that 60 per cent played golf, you could feel safe in assuming that that was the ratio for the population.

Yet, we once made a mail survey for which no check was necessary. A company which had been publishing a small magazine and distributing it free to its customers for several years wanted to find out whether it was appreciated. Our organization selected a representative sample and sent out a mailing asking whether they liked the magazine well enough to have the company continue sending it to them. Twenty per cent replied, about half yes and half no. A check was unnecessary. Eighty per cent clearly had been too uninterested even to reply on a free postal. Consequently, we could figure, not that 50 per cent wanted the magazine, but that only 10 per cent did. There was a small chance for error, but only small. Incidentally, although this was an impressively discouraging result, it did not necessarily mean that publication should be discontinued. Other considerations might have convinced the company that the magazine's effects even among only ten per cent of its circulation were worth its costs.

LET us consider how a small businessman might set up a useful survey of his particular market. Perhaps an automobile dealer wants to plan his sales campaign for the following year. What he wants to know is the size of his potential market and the best ways of reaching it. Let us suppose that the man is a Cadillac dealer. First of all he must select his representative sample. In his case, he would be fairly safe in taking it from the telephone book, if the city were of the type in which apartment house switchboards were not common. It is true that he would not be getting a cross-section of the population as a whole, but it is probable that most people with enough money to buy a Cadillac also would have a telephone. If he were a Chevrolet or Ford dealer, of course, the sample would not be good for him, because many people who have no telephones do buy less expensive cars. In the case of the Cadillac-

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lac dealer, he uses the telephone book, picking from the 50,000 residential listings every two-hundredth name—a reasonable sample in a group of that size.

Now comes the questionnaire. First of all he wants to know how many people are able to pay for a Cadillac. For this purpose he asks (1) occupation, (2) size of family. Next, he wants to know whether they are apt to be in the market for an automobile. Two more questions are needed for this: (a) What make and year automobile are you driving now? (b) What make and year was your previous car? The answers to these two taken together will give an indication of the answerer's automobile buying habits and consequently whether he is likely to be in the market for a new car during the coming year.

When the final returns are in, a check should be made if the survey was carried on by mail.

As I have said earlier, market research methods are only applied common sense. Valuable information, useful in forming business judgments, can be secured through inexpensive market surveys. Listed below are samples of the sort of information easily available to small-businessmen through such efforts.

How frequently do your customers come in?

Where do your customers come from? What newspapers do they read and what radio programs do they listen to?

Do they already own merchandise that you want to sell them; are they in the market for replacements?

What are the approximate income levels of your customers, or of the whole population of your market area?

What do your customers (or the gen-

eral public) like and what do they dislike about your establishment? Its employees? Its service?

Which of two or more similar lines of merchandise would your customers prefer to have you carry?

What items do your customers plan to buy?

To what extent do your customers shop in your competitors' establishments?

What do your customers like about your competitors?

There is other information which you can get at little cost. And if you want expert advice, it is close at hand, for a number of universities throughout the country have market research professors willing and able to act as consultants at reasonable fees. Market research, I want to emphasize, is not a dark, mysterious cult, but a new and useful business tool.

Rod and Gun

(Continued from page 15)

they were all long-gaited, smooth-running creatures that skimmed across the fields as if they were greased. It was a pretty sight, and they all had choke-barrel noses. As fast as they traveled, not one of them overran his birds; and when they locked up on point, it wasn't on a stink bird, or gopher or cold roost. It was on quail, no mistake.

No, it wasn't the fault of the dogs. If anything, they were too perfect. They so certainly had birds that it wasn't possible for a man to walk up to a point relaxed, wondering whether they had a rabbit or a ground robin this time. It was a sure thing that a covey would bust loose any moment. The very positiveness of it was a mental hazard.

One lemon-and-white pointer refused to be picked up when his stint was done. He liked to hunt, and he wasn't going to come in and be taken back to the kennels just because someone thought he had run far enough. He kept up the same flashy pace the whole day, and he usually was first to the birds, with the brace backing his point. I would have given my eye teeth to own that dog.

The surprising thing about these dogs was that the club's entire kennels had been wiped out by a streptococcus infection the year before so that it was necessary to start the season with all new dogs, and in three months' time they were as near perfect as bird dogs can be. The answer was that they were hunted almost daily. It's experience that makes a dog. Nothing else will do. He must have something to start with: a good nose and the will to hunt, but that alone won't make a bird dog. That plus experience—lots of it—will.

These dogs had had so much experience on the same course that they knew their job almost too well. They made a beeline from one food patch to another. They

knew that terrain as well as I know the inside of my pants' pocket. They had long since discovered where the birds fed, and raced directly from one such spot to the next.

When they located birds and pointed, that was a signal for my horse to start bucking. He knew his job, too, and a point meant he was to be relieved of his burden. He was only trying to help. They weren't vicious bucks, not the kind that wedge your upper teeth between the lowers and snap your eyes shut like a china doll. They were gentle little bucks, six inches to a foot high, just enough to snap my neck and spank my bottom. He would toss me up off the saddle with the first buck and meet me coming down with the second. He could be stopped when I sawed back on the reins, but the moment I raised in the stirrups to throw a leg over, whoppo, he let me have it. He was a nice horse.

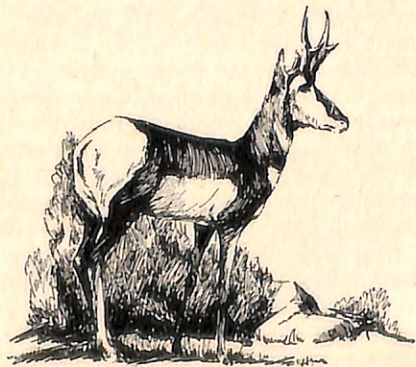
The dog handler also helped as best he could. He was really anxious for us to get some birds. "Git ready," he'd say. "They got 'em for sure this time. They don't miss, not them dogs. Sure you're ready? They'll bear right for those piney woods when they jump, and jes' you point right at 'em this time. Look

out, now. Look out! Look out! Look out!"

About this time my horse would snort. He could snort for all the world like the sound of a rising covey. I'm sure it took long years of practice. He was a smart horse, and he had reason to be proud. Before I could get my wits untangled, the covey would jump, bear left for the post oaks, and almost before they got their feet off the ground, the handler would commence shouting, "Shoot! Shoot! Git 'em! Git 'em! Git 'em!" Then, after a moment's pause, "Too bad. Too bad."

FOR a fellow who's used to routing them out on foot as they come and depends on his reflexes to get off a shot in the split second the bird shows, the involved procedure of horseback-hunting was too much. First there was the point, maybe a quarter of a mile ahead. Next, there was the matter of getting half-bucked off the horse. Then the guns had to be taken from their scabbards and loaded. Finally, there was the pause to see if the other fellow was ready and to get final instructions as we arrayed in battle formation behind the dogs. By that time my reflexes were bumping their heads together and I couldn't have hit a barnyard hen with both barrels. I was so keyed up that I finished shooting before the birds had their feet out of the grass.

The fellow I was hunting with was just as badly affected, except that he was so conscious of the bad showing he was making that he suffered under the illusion that he actually hit every bird he shot at. The dog handler would courteously spend a half-hour looking for down birds, all the time muttering something about shooting "right at 'em". I actually felt guilty, the way those dogs tore around looking dead. Occasionally one of them



would stop and look at us quizzically, as much as to ask, "Where do you think they are, boss?" I was downright ashamed.

Anyway, the "lunch" was a success. The chuck wagon met us in the field and produced everything from fried chicken to a fresh brace of dogs. The lemon-and-white pointer lay in the shade of a long-leaf pine at a safe distance and couldn't be tempted within reach, even with a big chunk of cake, frosting and all. He almost seemed to realize this was the last day of the season.

That afternoon the dogs did pick up a couple of birds. Possibly they had run afoul of a stray shot, but more likely they were cripples left on the ground from a previous hunt. I'm sure I hadn't harmed them. I'm not given to idle bragging,

but I missed clean on five covey rises that day, and it's not everyone who can do that. I couldn't have hit a bird with a broom if someone had held him down with both hands.

When we arrived back at the club house, my horse obligingly gave me a good boost off. I thanked him kindly for his assistance and walked straddle-legged over to where my shooting partner was sitting beside the car. I knew better, but through courtesy I asked if he had had any luck.

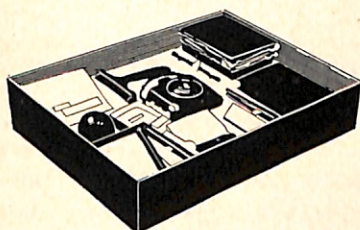
"Eight or ten," he said nonchalantly as he knocked the tobacco out of his pipe. "I thought that was enough, so quit an hour or two ago. What can you say for yourself?"

"Next time," I answered, "I'll walk."

Gadgets and Gimmicks

(Continued from page 24)

ambidextrous although it has no hands, which is one of the few things it doesn't possess. Tough as things are on fishermen, they'll have to go on hoisting the fish over the side of the boat and disengaging hooks. No lure yet invented will do that for them.



KITS to give children for amusement and whiling away idle hours are becoming more complex, and therefore more interesting. Here are two. One is a photographer's kit for Junior. With it he can take and develop his own films. The set includes: a fixed-focus camera, a roll of film, a tri-chem pack, printing frame, roller, stirring rod, two printings, three plastic trays, chrome ferrotype plate, a package of photographic paper and a dark-room bulb. The other astounding kit almost defies description. It is an atomic energy laboratory containing an electroscope, spinthariscopes (showing atomic disintegration, of all things), a Wilson cloud chamber, an ionization chamber, model neutrons and protons, calibrated radioactive sources, uranium-bearing ore and, thank heavens, three instruction booklets. Also thrown in is a Geiger-Mueller counter. Now, naturally, no adult knows what all these things are or what they do, but the children do, these days. All we can do is rely on the manufacturers' statement that the kit is absolutely safe.

NOW that nearly everyone is interested in television, and is sure it's here to stay, the appearance of the TV set in the living room has become a worry. Since

many sets have an antenna inside the room the problem of how to make the antenna less unsightly has occupied the time of several progressive companies. Here are two solutions to the inside-antenna problem: One is a folding set of the now-familiar antenna which sticks out from the top of a small set. The new one folds up, since its arms are telescoping, and can be hidden when the set is not in use. The other antenna stays hidden all the time, even when the set is working. Said to be especially good, it can be hidden beneath a carpet or behind a drape, or even a picture on the wall. The thing to do with this antenna is locate it where best reception is obtained and then leave it there. It's ideal for city apartments.

IT'S not the thought that counts," they say, "it's the gift." Taking this good advice to heart, we present this item for you to give your wife. It has several advantages. First and foremost, we believe, it isn't expensive. Second, it is useful and probably your wife hasn't thought of getting it herself. Third, it will prove you're thinking not only of her but of the household budget as well. What more could she ask? The gift is a plastic laundry bag that has its own set of unique uses. It fits on milady's shoulder and carries clothes to the drying lines where she has both hands free to pin up the clothes. It can be hooked on the line and slid along to keep up with the hanging-out process. After the clothes are dry, they have to be dampened, a strange logic only women understand. To do this you simply put a cupful or two of water in the plastic laundry bag, stuff the dry clothes into it and fasten the air-tight seal on the flap of the bag. Within a few hours the clothes will be evenly dampened for ironing. If ironing is to be delayed, there's no need to worry, for the clothes will stay ready for ironing for a number of days, with no fear of mildew.

Happy Is The Day When Backache Goes Away

As we get older, stress and strain, over-exertion, excessive smoking or exposure to cold sometimes slows down kidney function. This may lead many folks to complain of nagging backache, loss of pep and energy, headaches and dizziness. Getting up nights or frequent passages may result from minor bladder irritations due to cold, dampness or dietary indiscretions.

If your discomforts are due to these causes, don't wait, try Doan's Pills, a mild diuretic. Used successfully by millions for over 50 years. While these symptoms may often otherwise occur, it's amazing how many times Doan's give happy relief—help the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters flush out waste. Get Doan's Pills today!



Get Well QUICKER

From Your Cough Due to a Cold

FOLEY'S Honey & Tar Cough Compound

Don't Neglect Slipping FALSE TEETH

Do false teeth drop, slip or wobble when you talk, eat, laugh or sneeze? Don't be annoyed and embarrassed by such handicaps. **FASTEETH**, an alkaline (non-acid) powder to sprinkle on your plates, keeps false teeth more firmly set. Gives confident feeling of security and added comfort. No gummy, gooey, pasty taste or feeling. Get **FASTEETH** today at any drug store.

Used Standing or Sitting

New FAST FOOT RELIEF

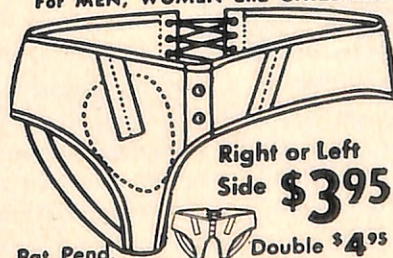
for Tired, Aching Feet, weak arches, sluggish blood circulation in foot and leg muscles, use **BREMDUN FOOT FLEXER**, a new patented sponge rubber massager. Easy to use, rolled under each foot night and morning, exercises, massages, relaxes foot muscles. Has brought quick relief to thousands suffering from leg and foot pains. Stimulates blood circulation, helps strengthen and rebuild arches. Many sold to Doctors. Mail your order NOW. Use 10 days. Money back if not satisfied.



...like human fingers, it kneads, massages, exercises.

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For MEN, WOMEN and CHILDREN



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A strong, form fitting washable support. Back lacing adjustable. Snaps up in front. Adjustable leg strap. Soft, flat groin pad. No steel or leather bands. Unexcelled for comfort. Also used as after operation support. Mail orders give measure around the lowest part of the abdomen. Specify right or left side or double. We Prepay Postage Except on C.O.D.'s.

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Money-back guarantee if you don't get blessed relief.

Delay may be serious—ORDER TODAY!
PIPER BRACE CO.

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editorial

"TO INCULCATE THE PRINCIPLES OF CHARITY, JUSTICE, BROTHERLY LOVE AND FIDELITY; TO PROMOTE THE WELFARE AND ENHANCE THE HAPPINESS OF ITS MEMBERS; TO QUICKEN THE SPIRIT OF AMERICAN PATRIOTISM; TO CULTIVATE GOOD FELLOWSHIP"—FROM PREAMBLE TO THE CONSTITUTION, BENEVOLENT AND PROTECTIVE ORDER OF ELKS

THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS



This is the month of Christmas—a span of days when thought centers on the benediction: "Peace on Earth. Good Will toward Men."

Christmas has become more than a religious festival. The spirit of Christmas now reaches out to all people, regardless of creed, who recognize that there is a "Divinity that shapes our ends, rough hew them as we will".

Let us not limit Christmas merely to a season when one sends cards and offers gifts to relatives, friends and acquaintances, simply following custom.

Let us not be content even with the generous Christmas basket activities of our lodges and members, bringing comfort and joy to thousands of families, to hundreds of thousands of unfortunate boys and girls.

Let us, rather, fix our attention on the vast potentialities of the spirit of this season which has immediate access to the hearts of such numbers.

In these times when those who deny God, who place no value on human life, who seek to capitalize on the sorrows and sufferings of the millions of underprivileged among the people of the world, have gained great territory and power, the God-fearing people of the world have an increased responsibility and, it is to be hoped, an increased inspiration to keep alive and spread the spirit of "Peace on Earth. Good Will toward Men."

DIVIDENDS FOR ALL



Millions of Americans have learned the value of thrift through the purchase of U. S. Savings bonds and, as a result, they have learned, also, the wonderful feeling that comes

from having a nest-egg stashed away against that rainy day, to send a child to school, to buy a home, to secure future economic independence or for many other useful purposes that add to good living and that are made possible by consistent saving.

The Payroll Savings Plan has been one of the most important factors in spreading the habit of thrift. It makes saving easy and regular.

The benefits of saving are not confined to the saver. It is a well-established fact that an employee who has a feeling of security that comes from knowledge of money in the bank is a better employee; he's steadier; there is less absenteeism and a smaller turnover among such employees.

These are some of the reasons why the Nation's largest employers have been happy to install the Payroll Savings Plan in their plants. They know that it pays real dividends that are shared by all.

Smaller establishments would benefit just as much from the Payroll Savings Plan, yet, according to the U. S. Treasury, there are approximately 2,500,000 firms employing less than 100 people where the plan is not in operation. An effort is now being made to reach these potential investors, estimated to total 20,000,000.

Among the members of this Order are thousands of employers who would do well to investigate the benefits to them, their business, their employees and to the country through installation of the Payroll Savings Plan. It is simple to install and operate.

Furthermore, it is an opportunity for every employer to render a distinct public service to his community, state and nation.

"...THE MYSTIC ROLL CALL..."



Elks Memorial Sunday is a day of sacred memory. The first Sunday of December finds more than a million men who are members of the Elks paying tribute to those Brothers who

have passed on.

In these hours rich with fraternal significance, our members meet again in spirit with their Absent Brothers who once pledged with them at the altar of Elkdome, who once pledged with them allegiance to God, to country and to their fellow men.

We are better Elks and better men when we have paused in our usual activities to give our thoughts to the absent ones.

The memory of those who lived their lives true to the teachings of our Order, faithful to the principles of Charity, Justice, Brotherly Love and Fidelity, is worthy of such "mystic roll call of those who will come no more".

It has long been the custom in the Order on Memorial Sundays to invite our families, our friends and acquaintances, and the public, to join us in a setting where the beauties of floral arrangements and dulcet music help to promote the golden hour of recollection. Such services have done much to win the respect of the fellow townsmen who participated.

A demonstration of the devotion to the memory of their departed brothers shown by the members of the Order cannot fail to impress favorably those privileged to witness the Memorial Services of a lodge of Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks.

HAS HAD NO PEERS FOR 50 YEARS



GRANDPA'S CHOICE
WHEN HE WAS YOUNG

FIFTY YEARS AGO

Chosen today
by men who enjoy
good spirits



NEW LABEL AND
BOTTLE ADOPTED
OCTOBER, 1950—
SAME OLD FINE
QUALITY WHISKEY

Golden Wedding

SUPERIOR WHISKEY - A BLEND



Gifts that say
Merry Christmas
 with every puff...



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A star gift under any cigarette smoker's Yule tree! The gala Christmas carton of mild Camels—with a gift card built in. Your gift will please—because *more people smoke Camels than any other cigarette!*



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America's largest-selling smoking tobacco is the ideal gift for anyone who smokes a pipe or rolls his own. Prince Albert is choice, crimp cut tobacco—mild and full-flavored! The one-pound tin is attractively packed—with a gift card in the design!